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1535.

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JOHN BULL

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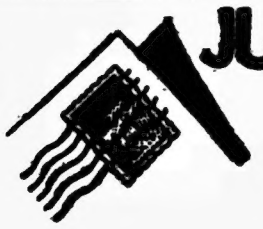

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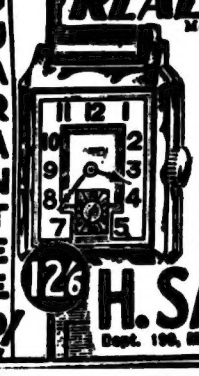

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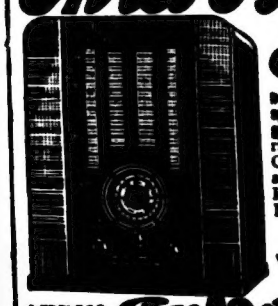

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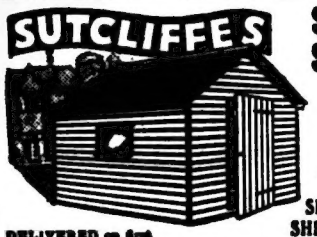

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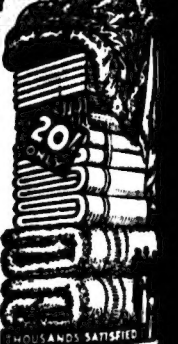

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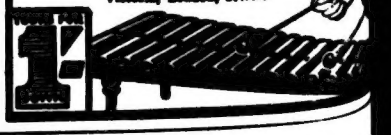

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REAL GOLD-PLATED STREAMLINE WRIST WATCH

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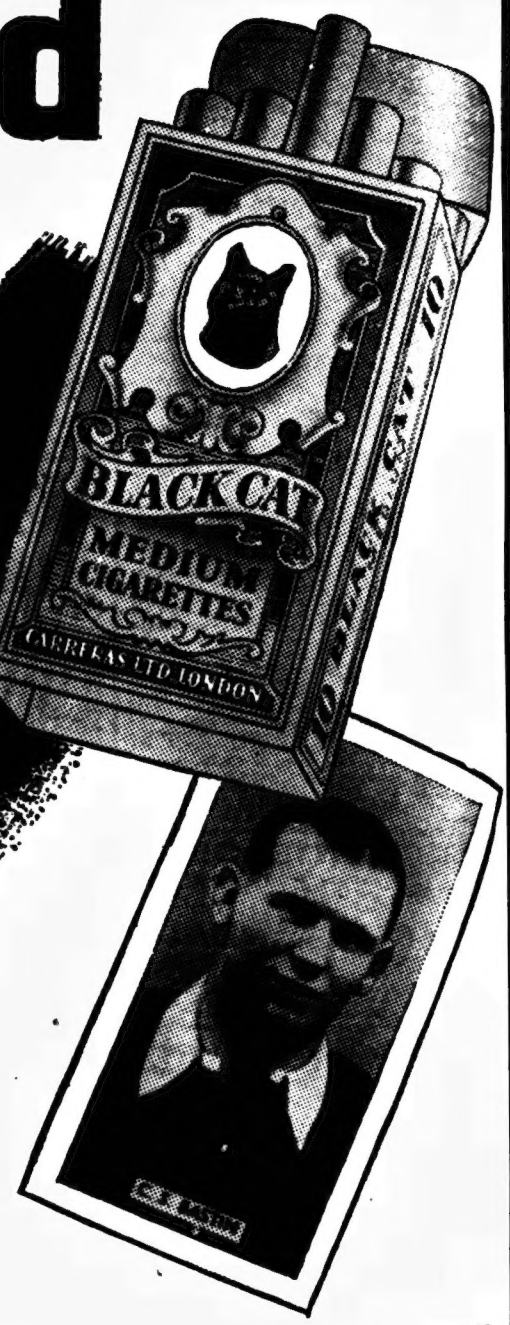

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JOHN BULL

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93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

The Great Divorce Mystery

ARE we at last to see the end of the Great Divorce Mystery?

We should like to think so. Indeed, we can think of few better first things a new Government can do than to write "finis" to the fight that has gone on for sixty years over our antiquated English divorce law.

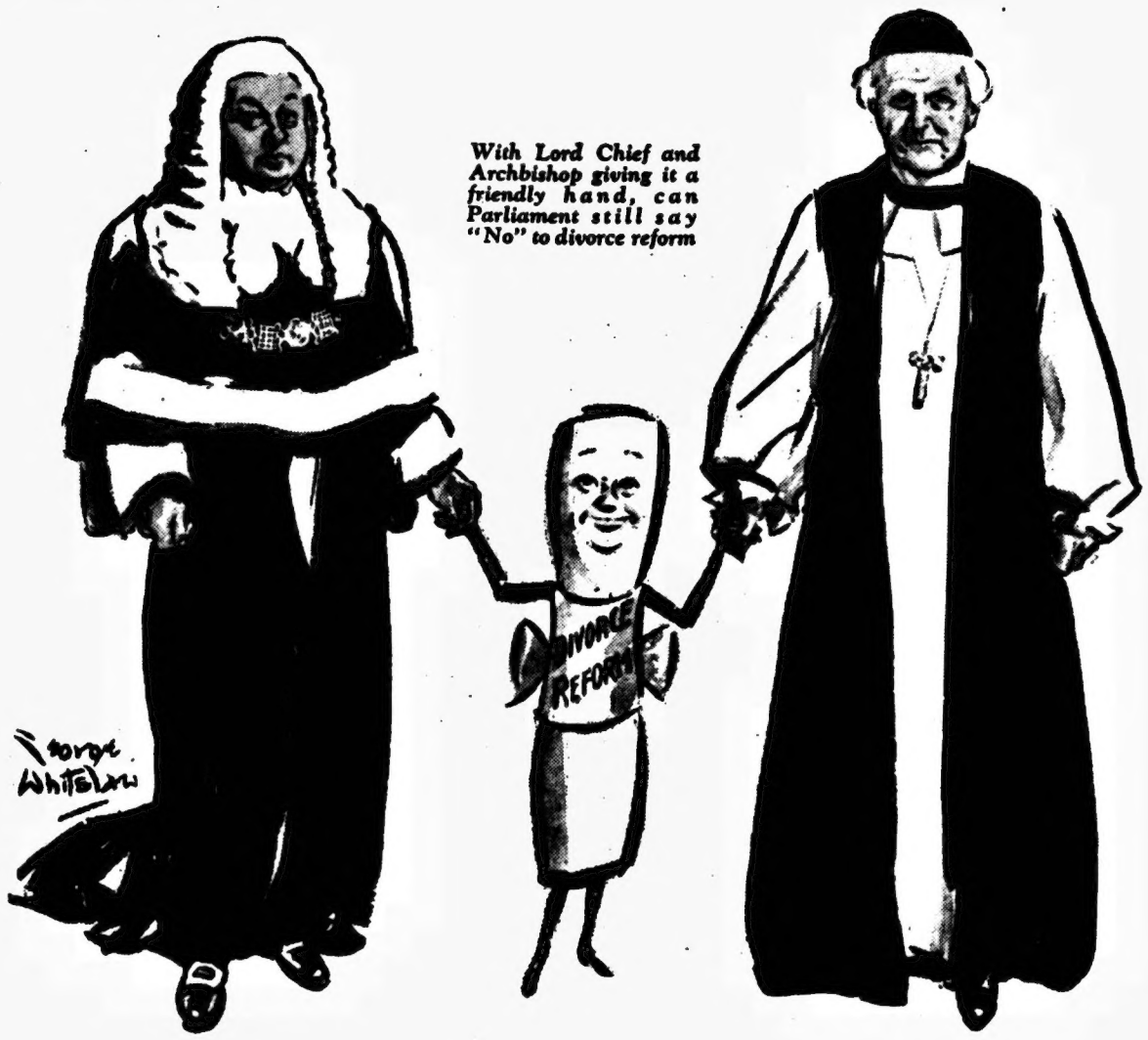
Now, once again, the voice of the reformer is being heard. This time no other than the voice of Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England.

Lord Hewart has joined the late Lords Birkenhead and Buckmaster and other august jurists in publicly denouncing the many cruel anomalies of the present law. His plea for urgent reform is couched almost in the form of a demand.

We regard this public avowal of his as significant, for he has demonstrated more than once that his opinions on legislative defects get speedy attention at Westminster.

At the same time we have the Archbishop of Canterbury making the equally significant admission that "the time has come when it is impossible for Parliament to resist the growing public demand for some extension of the presumably legal grounds for divorce."

And referring to continued opposition to reform, the Archbishop says: "We have to consider, not only the institution of marriage, but also the needs of human souls."



With Lord Chief and Archbishop giving it a friendly hand, can Parliament still say "No" to divorce reform

These two, the chief administrators of the English law and the English Church, are evidently becoming reconciled on this bitterly fought issue. But does that mean action this time; or, as hitherto, frustration and stagnation?

Men as mighty as they have spoken before, and still the great divorce mystery has gone on.

As long ago as 1909 a Royal Commission, under the chairmanship of a great judge, the late Lord Gorell, and composed of a formidable array of lawyers and public figures representing every shade of religious and social opinion, sat for some years and heard nearly 250 witnesses.

Its Majority Report unhesitatingly condemned the principle of divorce solely for infidelity; it revealed the morass of chicanery and corruption in which the existing law was entangled, and demanded a clean-up of procedure.

It also exposed, and demanded a remedy for, the grievous burden of woe and misery which existed in marriages for which the law gave no relief—the spouse tied irrevocably to a lunatic, a drunkard, a drug taker, a deserter, an habitual criminal or murderer, a sadist.

What happened? The House of Lords passed a Bill, with scarcely a dissenting voice, which gave effect to the Commission's recommendations. But every attempt since, and there have been dozens, to get a similar measure through Parliament has failed.

Why? The plain truth behind the mystery is that the House of Commons lives with one eye on the ballot-box, and it has always given the readiest ear to those who shout the loudest. And opinion against the extension of divorce relief, like that of all the "thou shalt nots," has always been better organised and more active than the others.

So every attempt at fairer divorce legislation has died under a barrage of postcards and the perfervid lobbying campaigns every time a Bill has come up. Indeed, most M.P.s who complain of what they call "postcard blackmail" have been the first to listen to it—the "blackmailers" being future voters!

That is the answer to the riddle of why a measure demanded by a Royal Commission, asked for by nearly every Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor for a generation, always dies on the floor of the House of Commons.

Is the new Parliament going to be any better than the rest?

We hope so, and we suggest that it should make one of its first acts a Government-sponsored Bill to revise the present divorce procedure.

The collusive "hotel bill" farce should be ended, the "unknown blonde" and the professional co-respondent put out of their jobs, decrees *nisi* should become automatically absolute so that the final decree can no longer be held up by the "alimony blackmailer."

We think it is a crazy law which allows a wife to break up a home for one act of infidelity, but will give her no remedy against a husband vanished without a trace!

An abominable law which denies relief (to those who ask it) for the 60,000 spouses married to incurable lunatics; the estimated 100,000 others who are married to physical sadists, drug addicts, drunkards and habitual criminals; the 20,000 more whose partners have disappeared!

A rotten law which cannot protect itself against exploitation by collusion and rampant perjury, nor protect those it deals with from blackmail!

A former King's Proctor stated in evidence before the Royal Commission that in spite of all his efforts he was certain that 75 per cent. of divorces granted were collusive. A judge has declared that the case of one of the parties withholding application to make the decree absolute, so that more alimony or a lump sum could be extorted from the other, is a common thing.

THERE are 20,000 police court separations annually in this country, mainly for causes which the Royal Commission declared should be grounds for divorce if the injured parties so desired.

The futility and waste of these separations is well known. Permanent reconciliations are rare, and the figures merely mean that nearly 20,000 men and women each year are for ever debarred from married companionship and the normal happy family life which is an elementary human right and the basis on which the whole community rests.

Every unbiased and unprejudiced person will say with us that a remedy for this tragic state of affairs is long overdue. We know now, too, what Lord Hewart and the Archbishop of Canterbury say.

What is the new Parliament going to say—and do?

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Exploiting King George's Jubilee Trust Fund

Home for 'Old Bill,' Peace Hero

Radio Crackle: Cut the Cackle

As we go to press this week the nation goes to the polls to elect a new Parliament.

It is the bounden duty of every man and woman who possesses a vote to use it.

Let there be no shirkers or people who "don't-care-one-way-or-the-other" or people who are "too busy."

To-day the first business of every citizen is to vote.

Only by a full use of the ballot box can democracy truly speak its mind and put its will into action.

Only by a full use of the ballot box can we ensure getting a healthy, virile Parliament, pledged to the welfare of the people.

Remember, too, that this is no time for either over-confidence or pessimism. No seat is won till it is lost. No seat is lost till it is won.

Impudent

A number of enterprising gentry have started quite a few spurious charities which pretend to be associated with the official commemoration of the King's Jubilee—King George's Jubilee Trust Fund.

Some of these bogus organisations impudently display the King's portrait on their notepaper; some use the King's name in their titles.

It is not surprising, therefore, that high officials at Buckingham Palace have made representations to the Home Secretary, with the result that Scotland Yard is now investigating the matter.

Official warning

A squad of detective officers, under the direction of a chief-inspector, are conducting the enquiries, and we can reveal that the crooks in question are being sternly warned off. Some, indeed, have been summoned to the Yard and interviewed by highly placed officials.

At least a dozen spurious concerns have so far been dealt with, and in many cases their principals are no strangers to the police.

Notorious

One is a notorious rogue who has earned experience of penal servitude. Conducting his bogus organisation from a well-appointed office, he employs fellow ex-convicts on his staff.

The fact that such rascals are attempting to exploit the Jubilee Trust obviously justifies the concern of the authorities. And, we suggest, it should be sufficient to put the public on its guard.

Home for "Old Bill"

How generous our readers can be is shown by letters we have received during the last few days.

There is the case of "Old Bill," the peace-time hero who, as we told last week, has been forced into a London workhouse. A reader at Newark, Notts, writes to us to offer him a home with her family if someone else will pay the railway fare.

Let us also express our gratitude to readers who have offered aid either to Mr. W. H. Milburn, who lost his life savings in an unlucky business venture, or to the family of Mr. John Ridley, whose eldest son was arrested at his mother's funeral for owing the paltry sum of 14s. 10d.

Help for Bobby

You will remember also the story we recently unfolded of a little Salford boy, Bobby McAlinden, suddenly stricken with blindness, of poor neighbours making great sacrifices (even going without meals) to raise money so that he might obtain expert medical aid.

We are glad to learn that our article has been of use. Four-year-old Bobby is being seen by Mr. Tudor Thomas, whose delicate eye operations have made him famous. Another specialist, Mr. Beck Cluckie, has kindly written to us offering his help.

We must also thank those readers who have sent donations for the Bobby McAlinden fund.

No wonder the Jubilee Trust exploiters look shocked . . . they have been warned

Heinous offence

Two men go into a snack bar at Canvey Island one night with a tale of being stranded on the road. They seem hungry—but apparently hunger for something more than food.

For when the proprietor serves them with coffee and buns he finds they are Revenue officers and he will be prosecuted under an old Act for serving them after ten o'clock.

Our dislike of such practices is only equalled by admiration for a Bench that dismisses the case.

Fear's cruelty

"Violence to children is horrible, neglect is repulsive, but cruelty by fear is worse than either," declares an official of the N.S.P.C.C. He refers to the fear imposed on children who are left alone at night by their parents—chiefly middle-class parents.

We have said before what we think of such people. But let a few more of them be prosecuted and the rest will take better care of their youngsters.

Urgent job

One duty of the new Parliament should be an attempt to end the quarrel between Britain and the Irish Free State.

Things will get worse between the two countries if they are allowed to drift much longer. And neither can afford the persistent ill-feeling and the loss of valuable trade.

Pension disgraces

And is it too much to hope for more humane administration of the Ministry of Pensions?

The British Legion has drawn up a long list of cases in which ex-soldiers have had their applications for pensions turned down by the Minister and his officials, and have been able to get justice only after representations from other quarters.

A pity Ministers only seem to get interested in such matters at election times!

Another one for Jerry

In an election speech at Woolwich (Sir Kingsley Wood's constituency) Lord Strabolgi exploded the Government's boast about the million houses that have been built.

It wasn't explained that this figure included all the new luxury flats and houses beyond the means of the ordinary man. Nor was it admitted that a large number of the smaller houses were jerry-built and sold at exorbitant prices.

There had been no attempt to repudiate the charges made in JOHN BULL'S campaign against the jerrybuilder, said Lord Strabolgi in urging drastic reform of the building laws.

Road truth

As for the much-vaunted five-year-road-plan, this £100,000,000 scheme, to be viewed in its proper light, needs to be seen in conjunction with the fact that the Road Fund takes £26,000,000 from motorists each year.

So the scheme falls far short of what is claimed for it.

More mine perils

Note, too, the warning uttered by Herbert Smith at the inquest on the victims of the North Gawber pit disaster: "With the speeding up of production and the use of electricity in mines, I expect more accidents in the next five years than we have had in the past ten."

The coroner and his jury call for greater supervision in the pits, and they are right, though we trust that Mr. Smith will prove to be wrong.

Mining must always be a dangerous job, but the cold truth is that it is already far more dangerous than it should be.

Sea dirge

Think next of that other perilous occupation—seafaring. Dependents of the six Tynesiders who went down with the *Joseph Medill* when she sank last August have heard nothing about compensation.

A relief fund started by the Mayor of Wallsend has raised only £13 odd and has been abandoned. The Workmen's Compensation Act does not apply because the doomed ship was Canadian-owned.

There is good reason why the seaman's job is held to be the most heart-breaking.

Crackle and cackle

An international conference meets in London to debate the most-discussed problem of wireless—the question of loudspeaker crackle.

There should be hope for the hundreds of thousands of listeners whose enjoyment is spoilt by electrical interference, for experts know how to stop the trouble.

But we fear the only way to stop the crackle—and the cackle about the crackle—is to forbid electrical interference by law.

Jail for everyone!

Mention of wireless reminds us of Professor John Hilton's broadcast suggestion that we should all be sent to prison.

Yes, all of us—pastrycooks and professors, butchers and bishops—so that persons jailed for breaking the law would no longer belong to "a class apart," without hope or prospects of finding work and thus making a clean start.

It would be as reasonable, of course, to propose that we should all taste the horrors of the slums—or should all sit in Parliament or be allowed to broadcast.

The snag

But we admire the spirit which prompts Professor Hilton, though if his suggestion were carried out there would no longer be the sense of shame to deter the weaker-minded from stooping to crime.

The fact is that not enough is done by the State to prevent released offenders from being forced back to crime and jail by the sheer pressure of economic circumstances.

It is indefensible that we should be willing to spend many pounds on keeping a man in prison but only a few shillings on him when he is unemployed.

Suburban life

Autumn rain is making quagmires of the unmade roads to be found in many of our suburbs. Soon, no doubt, snow will add to the mud.

Local authorities are slow in making up the new roads in their areas. Yet the work doesn't cost the rates a penny since the expense is borne either by the builders of new houses or their occupants.

We advise the latter to agitate persistently that the responsible council has to give way.

Unwanted cheques

We don't wonder that manual labourers employed by the Potters Bar Council, Middlesex, object to being paid by cheque—especially as it means a long walk to cash them.

Maybe if the council made the cheques payable in Scotland or Wales it would get its labour for nothing.

Seriously, since the authority admits the difficulty of getting cheques cashed in rural areas it should make other arrangements.

Schools for Spartans

There seems to be a conspiracy in the Hoyland area of Yorkshire to outdo the Spartans in the treatment of children.

At one school, conditions are so arctic that youngsters have to wear mufflers and coats during lessons, and even the teachers dare not shed their overcoats.

Bad drainage, too, is believed to be responsible for an epidemic of illness which has brought about the lowest attendance on record.

Is it hoped to kill off the weaker children and allow only the hardiest to survive?

No regrets

Let no one sympathise with Oliver Turnbull, even though he has gone to penal servitude for three years for obtaining only three guineas by false pretences.

This heavy sentence, passed at Middlesex Sessions, doesn't shock us because we have repeatedly drawn attention to his methods of earning an easy living by deceiving the public.

The Fragrant Minute

HAPPY WOMAN!

"I'M just a country woman," thus someone wrote to me. "I love the autumn berries on the fairy spindle tree. I love the scarlet berries of holly and of yew, and the hips and haws, each autumn, delight my heart anew."

"I'm a happily married woman," thus someone wrote to me, "with two delightful daughters and sons that number three. I'm just a country woman, I love the flowers and trees and autumn berries most of all—please make a rhyme for these. And for the kitchen fireside—I beg you, when you've time, make a song of praise for it, a song of praise in rhyme! Around the kitchen fireside the family likes to sit, although we've other rooms, you know, they don't appeal a bit . ."

Here's a rhyme for your autumn berries and one for your kitchen fire, woven, you see, together in response to your deep desire!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

PERIL *at the* Hairdresser's

by

J. H. MURPHY

(Registrar of the Hairdressers' Registration Council)

This photograph shows one of the latest and most efficient hairdressing machines now in use. The public can help protect itself from injury by patronising only qualified coiffeurs

WHEN you visited the hairdresser the other day you may have noticed that he had among his equipment a number of electrical apparatus controlling thousands of volts of unleashed power.

Did it make you stop to think of the risk you were running if those same appliances were handled by an unqualified assistant?

For modern hairdressing is becoming more scientific every year, requiring greater technical knowledge, a higher degree of skill, and more experience. Yet the standard of knowledge and efficiency among hairdressers has dropped deplorably during the last ten years.

It is to protect the public from the dangers they run every day at the hands of men and women whom the law allows to call themselves "hairdressers," but who have, in actual fact, little or no training, that the Hairdressers' Registration Council has asked the Ministry of Health to consider a scheme for compulsory registration.

The ordinary "man in the street," and even more so the ordinary woman, assuredly never fully realises the extent to which he is the victim of ignorant and badly trained hairdressers. There are at present in this country between 100,000 and 120,000 working hairdressers.

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Of these it is no exaggeration to say that 75 per cent. are quite incompetent. Some have been plunged into the intricacies of "perms," shampoos and sets, after only three months' training at one or other of the "schools."

The teaching may or may not have been of a high standard. But even if it were of the very best, hairdressing is a trade which cannot be "picked up" in three months.

I have been a hairdresser myself for over thirty years, and I, and all other properly trained operators, know that it takes seven years of hard, practical training to make one really competent.

Nowadays permanent waving, dyeing, tinting, vibro massage, violet ray, high frequency and radiant heat treatments demand a highly scientific knowledge of textures and "conditions" of hair and its reaction to these treatments. For hair is very susceptible to slight variations in a person's general health and may or may not be fit to take a particular treatment on a certain day.

A skilled hairdresser can tell by the feel and appearance of the hair whether its condition is right. An unqualified and inexperienced operator may quite easily cause head and facial injuries which may be both painful and disfiguring.

All this complexity of scientific knowledge demands an even longer and more thorough training.

A boy or girl starting at the age of fourteen cannot really be efficient before the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, and even then their studies should include at least a working knowledge of chemistry and electricity.

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For instance, all modern hair dyes which give a permanent colour contain a certain amount of poison.

It is essential to their permanence. In the hands of a really skilled workman they are quite harmless, because he understands perfectly when it is *not* safe to use them.

But in the hands of a partially trained and unscientific operator they are extremely dangerous and liable to cause serious disorders, as is shown by claims for damages which are constantly coming before the courts.

During the course of a "perm" there is one stage at which the hair is wrapped in sachets soaked with a certain solution. The best of these sachets are manufactured in laboratories under the supervision of fully trained chemists. But they are expensive.

So the "cheap" hairdresser looks for a method of making his own. He does, in fact, succeed in producing some sort of a sachet at a fraction of the cost.

But see what happens. One of the ingredients in the solution is sodium sulphite. Now, when sodium sulphite is exposed to the air it becomes sodium sulphate.

The first substance is very efficient in permanent waving and quite harmless. The second substance is quite the reverse. But only the man who has studied chemistry knows the action of air on sodium sulphite. How many hairdressers who are doing cheap "perms" to-day have that knowledge?

Then there is "trichology," or the science of diseases of the hair. Every hairdresser should have at least an elementary knowledge of the subject—sufficient at least to enable him to diagnose contagious diseases of the hair and scalp.

As it is, people suffering from ringworm, seborrhœa (a scaly condition of the scalp), pityriasis (a disease similar to ringworm) and many other diseases which are "catching" are constantly being attended to in saloons where other customers follow after them and *have the same combs and brushes, and even the same towels,* used on them.

There is also the grossest ignorance in the matter of hygiene.

The standard which should be maintained in every establishment is that no comb, no brush, no towel or other implement should *ever be used on a customer without being thoroughly sterilised.* In all the best establishments this, of course, is done.

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I was looking over a saloon the other day and the proprietor showed me his stock of brushes and his sterilising plant.

It was only a moderate-sized business, but he had seventy-two pairs of brushes, even more combs, and an adequate supply of other instruments.

Every time anything was used it went straight to the steriliser. After it was thoroughly sterilised it was put into a cellophane bag and took its turn again in "circulation."

The whole installation cost him probably less than £10—a fourth of the cost of a good permanent waving machine, and the cost of running it was almost negligible. Anybody who can afford to set up in business as a hairdresser at all can afford to equip himself with a proper sterilising plant.

I am ashamed to have to admit that the standard of hygiene in thousands of hairdressing establishments is very low. I know for a fact that towels are frequently used over and over again without even being *washed.*

This is due to ignorance more than wilful neglect. The untrained mind cannot grasp that a towel may look absolutely clean and yet be contaminated with disease germs.

One instance, typical of many, and of which I have personal knowledge, revealing the perils of the "premium" system, is that of a young man fully trained as a man's hairdresser, but having absolutely no knowledge of women's hairdressing, who started in business for himself.

Almost immediately he took several girl apprentices at a high premium, to train them to dress women's hair, though he was, of course, wholly incompetent to teach them anything. Moreover, with the proceeds of their premiums he opened a second shop, where he promptly took several more pupils, and so on until he had started a whole chain.

There are places of this kind where, in order to attract business, permanent waves are offered at ridiculously low prices. The only reason it can be done at the price is that the operators are apprentices working for nothing or pupils who have paid premiums.

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Compulsory registration would control the training of hairdressers and do away with all these evils.

Nobody, then, would be admitted to the ranks of the profession without being properly educated in all branches of the work.

Meantime, the public can help to protect themselves by making sure that they only patronise hairdressers who are properly qualified. One way of ensuring it is to ask if they are "registered."

There is at present a voluntary system of registration. No hairdresser is admitted to the register unless he can furnish evidence satisfactory to the Council of his having completed successfully a course of training accompanied by practice.

WHITE SLAVERS

"FRENCH FIFI," otherwise Josephine Martin—or, to give her her real name, Jose Mechanick—is dead. She was found strangled, with a silken stocking tied about her neck, a few days ago in her flat off Piccadilly, London, W.

At the time of going to press, the theory has been formed that she committed suicide in mental desperation caused by the difficulties into which her mode of life had been leading her.

Her life was shrouded in mystery. But the police knew that behind the mystery was a bad record.

They knew that although "French Fifi" had contrived for years to live in luxury, she only succeeded in doing so by her wits and through the remunerative position she held as a member of one of the most dangerous gangs of the underworld.

Even children

Not many days before she died she was called upon by an inspector of Scotland Yard to give information about her association with two notorious men of international disrepute, named Georges Des Muir and Bernard Chamoulande, who were known to be in this country for purposes of the most sinister character.

Both are men who for years have been central figures in the White Slave traffic, and, with agents to assist them, have made large sums of money out of the procuration of girls—and even children—for immoral purposes.

"French Fifi" had helped them, and others with whom they were concerned, in their illicit operations, and grew alarmed at the fact that the police were getting so interested in her movements.

She had already been convicted for various offences, and dreaded that she might once again be involved in certain charges which are likely to be made at any moment against a number of individuals who have been guilty of White Slave offences in England, France and Belgium during recent months.

Georges Des Muir and Bernard Chamoulande, for whom this woman acted as an agent, are two of the principal members of an international organisation which has lately caused Scotland Yard and the Continental police considerable trouble. Their operations in this country have grown so extensive, in fact, that a special "Vice Squad" has now been created under Superintendent Arthur Askew.

Noted beauty

Amazing are some of the events which led to the recent apprehension here of Des Muir and Chamoulande, who are now in Brixton jail awaiting deportation. We propose to reveal the full facts behind those events.

Three months ago a woman was found dead in a flat in Paris. She was a noted beauty in the French capital, who had made her living for some time by compromising wealthy men.

After her body was discovered the police found several letters in her apartment which threw considerable light on her activities. Some of these were from Des Muir and Chamoulande, written from addresses in London, and clearly relating to the traffic in women for immoral purposes.

As the result of these discoveries copies of the letters were sent by the Paris police to London, and officers began enquiries.

The letters were accompanied by the information that both Des Muir, alias Desmuir, and Chamoulande, alias Molland, had for years been under observation in France, Germany and Switzerland as leading members of one of the biggest White Slave organisations.

Enquiries in London showed that these men were staying at one of the most fashionable hotels, entertaining freely, and associating with all kinds of suspected blackmailers and harpies. "French Fifi" was among them.

It was discovered that thousands of pounds had been placed to the credit of these two men since their arrival in London only a few weeks before through the "sale" of women.

Scotland Yard was able to connect them with a man named Jacques Chevalier, who is one of the worst White Slavers at large.

Eighty agents

Chevalier is believed to have had something like eighty agents in different parts of Europe, many of whom are in London.

About seven years ago he was arrested in Chicago for engaging in White Slavery and was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. He scaled the walls of the prison to which he was sent, but was later recaptured by an officer, who shot and wounded him. His sentence was increased, but again he escaped from the prison.

Later, adopting the alias of Pierre Dumann, he installed himself in Paris as a supposed banker. Actually, with the assistance of people like Des Muir and Chamoulande, he settled down to the sinister task of getting Frenchwomen into England for an immoral purpose. Several of them came over with Des Muir and Chamoulande on their recent visit, and are still here, established in flats which have been obtained for them by other agents of the gang.

£75 to wed

"French Fifi" assisted in this work, with the aid of bogus estate agents who conduct agencies principally for the purpose of providing accommodation for women of this sort.

She and Des Muir and Chamoulande are now out of harm's way, but they are only three of scores of people engaged in this despicable traffic.

Not long ago a detective inspector of Marylebone, was called to the office of a firm of West End estate agents, the head of which said he was suspicious of a man of Italian nationality who had been enquiring about some luxurious flats which were on the firm's list.

The Italian had given his name as Moreton. His real name was Pietro Molina, and he was a member of the same gang as Des Muir and Chamoulande.

In due course one flat was let to him. The person who became the tenant turned out to be a Frenchwoman who had been smuggled into England and had become the "wife" of a man who had been paid £75 for the part he played in the wedding ceremony, at the conclusion of which he vanished.

Further enquiries showed that Molina was concerned in a scandal in Brussels in which eleven girls were exploited by White Slavers, who disappeared after a girl had been stabbed by a man who was being blackmailed.

The detective inspector found that Molina had brought several foreign women to this country after smuggling them in with the aid of tickets which do not require passports.

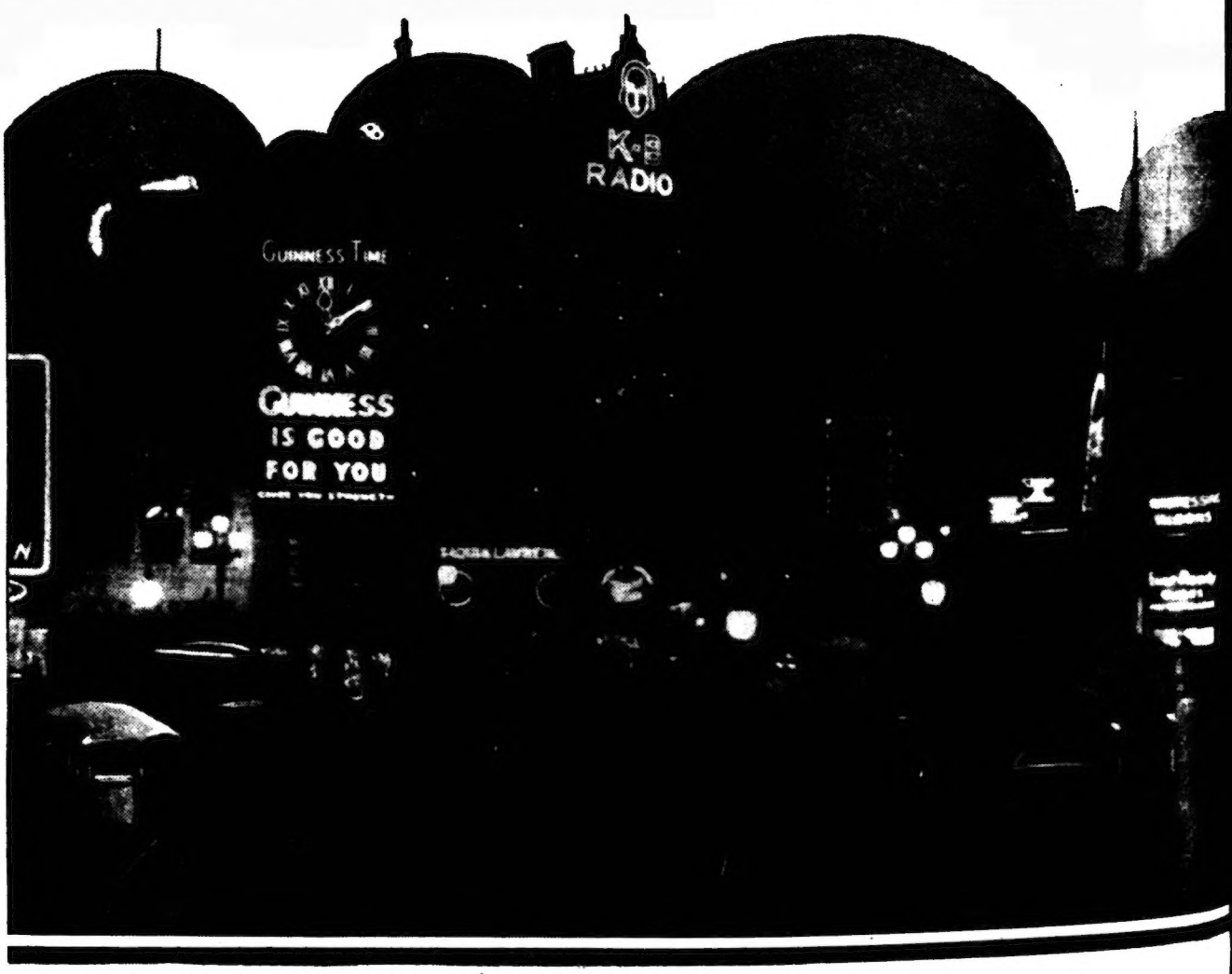
Molina escaped the fate of Des Muir and Chamoulande by vanishing before the police could lay their hands on him.

The Home Office, the Ministry of Labour, and Scotland Yard regard this problem so seriously that a number of conferences have recently been held. One result is that every police officer called upon to investigate cases in which White Slavery is suspected has been instructed to submit a special report to the Commissioner.

Evil advertisements

Statistics recently prepared by Scotland Yard officers, at the request of the Home Office, showed that last year 43,738 women and girls disappeared from English and Continental cities and towns in suspicious circumstances. The police have no doubt that a large proportion of them were victims of the White Slave gangs.

A few days ago a number of printed advertisements were placed before the senior magistrate at Bo



. . . They traffic in the "sale of souls" within the square mile around the lights of Piccadilly

# of LONDON —*Amazing Disclosures*

Superintendent Arthur Askew, who is in charge of a special Scotland Yard "Vice Squad," created to deal with the activities of White Slavers in this country

Street by the Home Office which, under a confidential order just issued, has laid it down that in future the magistrate must give his permission before any girl aged between fourteen and eighteen can leave the country to take up employment abroad.

Official enquiries which have followed the magistrate's questions have revealed the fact that a much-wanted international criminal is the real author of the advertisements and that the girls he was offering such great opportunities to were really destined for a career of degradation.

Although he had done his work through agents, the man behind the scenes in this case passed in the name of Frances Louis Aubagne, and he stayed not long ago at a flat in Maddox Street, London, W., where he was visited constantly by men and women confederates of Des Muir and Chamoulande.

He has paid repeated visits to London, from which he had already been deported on several occasions.

He is a member of what is known as the "Ziffer-Betlamini" gang of White Slavers who figured about eighteen months ago in a sensational murder case in France. Ziffer, in a quarrel over the spoils relating to a girl who was "sold" to a coloured millionaire, fatally stabbed his chief, Betlamini, and was executed for murder.

He has been to prison several times for serious offences, but in spite of that was able to return to this country recently.

One of the most astonishing facts about the gang of which all these undesirables are members is that it possesses its own printing press, through which it issues forgeries of the most incredible kind.

The "forgery factory" also has branches in London, Paris, Brussels, and Berlin, and is run by yet another international criminal named Armand Pigrirre, who has time after time figured in police enquiries.

Six raids

Although Pigrirre is not known to have visited this country, he has a very resourceful agent named Prizen, who has been here often, and was only recently deported for being in England without permission.

"French Fifi" was also connected with two notorious traffickers named Jean and Laurent Roux, who are also now awaiting deportation. They have been coming to London regularly by air, and a search of their banking accounts has revealed that they have been making thousands of pounds for years by exploiting foreign women in this country.

They were arrested a few days ago after Superintendent Askew had received information from the French and German police that they were coming to England by air.

From the moment they arrived at Croydon aerodrome they were watched, and very soon Scotland Yard officers had obtained sufficient information to justify raids on six different establishments which were dens of vice and were visited by these alien undesirables. In every one of them were White Slaves of foreign nationality.

At least forty women were brought here during the last year by these men against the provisions of the Aliens Restriction Act.

The activities of an alien who was staying at a West End hotel recently came to the notice of the police.

It was known that he was involved closely with the White Slave traffic, but the essential facts to ensure a successful prosecution were lacking. So he was ordered to leave the country, which he promptly did.

Another man who came here is Leonard Dicoro, who brought many foreign women to this country before he was challenged by the authorities.

Wound discovery

When he was searched it was found that he had certain gunshot wounds on his arms, and this fact led to the discovery that he was in reality a man with a black record who had been deported at least three times previously for White Slave offences. Several women established in flats in London and elsewhere had been in touch with him during his curtailed stay.

We know that the White Slave problem has grown so acute that the International Police Force—which establishes a link between the police of Britain, Germany, France, Spain, Belgium, Italy and the United States of America—is compiling a "Gallery of White Slavers."

A prominent figure in this gallery is named Martineau, who a few weeks ago was arrested in Manchester and deported because when the police searched his flat they found correspondence proving that he was an agent of the White Slave gang.

So, too, is a handsome scoundrel named Phillip Aerigo, who has operated as a White Slaver in London, Rome, Brussels, Paris, and Madrid. He is known to Scotland Yard as the "ideal bigamist." He has committed bigamy at least nine times.

Scotland Yard has within the last month or two caused several men who were running hotels as a cloak for their true activities to be banished. They were proved to be agents for these exploiters of degradation.

One of them, a rogue named Luis Mandel, had inserted advertisements in certain religious papers to lure victims into the clutches of the White Slavers.

One girl who answered such an advertisement was met by a foreigner, who said that he was a director of several public companies with international interests. He took her to a night club, and left her late in the evening with another man to whom he had introduced her.

Imagine her surprise when her new escort declared that she "belonged to him," as her departed friend was just an agent who had sold her "in full dress" for a large sum of money, the receipt for which was produced!

Dancing engagements and film work abroad are other baits that are often used to lure the unwary. Only a few days ago seven girls gave Scotland Yard full and corroborated testimony of the disgraceful manner in which they were inveigled to the South of France on the promise of a long engagement. When they got there they found that they were to appear in a supposed "cabaret" show to be run by a man who has time and again appeared in police investigations in the light of a trafficker in women.

Yard at war

Incredible that such a thing could happen in this country! But there is no limit to the blatant audacity of those who traffic in our midst in the "sale of souls" within the square mile around the lights of Piccadilly.

But for once their audacity has gone too far. Scotland Yard has declared war on the White Slavers, and the breaking up of the gang has begun in earnest.

Every decent-minded citizen will wish it God-speed.

Christmas Gift for the Children

GOOD news for parents! Good news for aunts, and uncles, big brothers and sisters! This week, on the centre pages, John Bull invites every reader to secure a wonderful Christmas Gift for the children.

It is "The Mammoth Wonder Book," the world's most fascinating story and picture book for boys and girls.

There has never been a volume like it. It is entirely *new*, never before offered to John Bull readers, and contains scores and scores of stories and drawings by eminent authors and artists who really know what the kiddies love. It is a book children will treasure

You would gladly pay a guinea for it in the ordinary way, yet it is offered to John Bull *readers as a Christmas gift for the children, at the remarkable Presentation price of only 2s. 6d., plus 1s. to cover the cost of carriage, packing and insurance, etc.*

In "The Mammoth Wonder Book" there are fables and legends, fairy stories old and new, fascinating verses and nonsense rhymes, tales of adventure on land, sea and in the air.

There are 733 pages of sheer delight, and over 200 wonderful drawings that bring the fascinating characters to life.

Among the authors are *Hans Andersen, Louisa M. Alcott, J. J. Bell, Hilaire Belloc, Algernon Blackwood, Lewis Carroll, Charles and Mary Lamb, E. V. Lucas, Neil Munro, Captain Marryat, Walter de la Mare, William Morris, Alfred Noyes, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson, Francis Thompson, W. B. Yeats and Sir Henry Newbolt.*

The artists include *Harry Rountree, Heath Robinson, Anne Anderson, H. M. Brock, Margaret Tulloch, D. C. Eyles, Molly Brett, René Bull and Mildred Lamb.*

* * *

The book is gay and elegant in appearance. It has a full-colour frontispiece, four magnificent plates in full colour, and a decorative title page.

Many will prefer the magnificent de luxe edition, which is enhanced by the inclusion of *sixteen lovely full-colour plates.*

But act immediately in order not to disappoint the children. The demand for "The Mammoth Wonder Book" is sure to be colossal, so turn to pages 23 to 25 and reserve your copy to-day.

Sally was afraid of losing Romance

JACK'S MOTHER KEPT LOOKING AT MY HANDS
PEOPLE DO, YOU KNOW— WHY DON'T YOU SMOOTH ON A LITTLE 'VASELINE' JELLY EVERY NIGHT ? IT KEEPS THEM SO SOFT AND WHITE, AND IT'S ONLY 4½° A JAR

3 WEEKS LATER
I DO LOVE TO SEE YOU CHILDREN SO HAPPY
MY HAPPINESS IS IN YOUR HANDS, DARLING! HOW SOFT AND WHITE AND SMALL THEY ARE

DOCTORS SAY

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GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

8/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Cars, Paid £3:17:6 or 8/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

52 NOW

Yes...there is *more* in 'OVALTINE'

***more* in Health-giving Nourishment —**

***more* in Quality —**

***more* in Value**

JUST think what 'Ovaltine' gives you. It is, in itself, a scientifically *complete and perfect* food. It provides, in the most easily digestible and assimilable form, every nutritive element essential to health. No other food beverage conveys such a wealth of nourishment so quickly to body, brain and nerves.

The ingredients of 'Ovaltine' are of the very highest quality. The malt extract is prepared in the 'Ovaltine' Factory from home-grown barley. The creamy milk and new-laid eggs conform to the exceptionally high standards of quality maintained at the 'Ovaltine' Dairy and Egg Farms, of which there are no equals.

Each of these ingredients is important — eggs especially so, because in addition to their well-known food value they are rich in nerve-restoring properties. No tonic food beverage would be complete without eggs. The liberal and scientific use of eggs is one of many reasons why 'Ovaltine' is the world's supreme tonic food beverage.

Because of the enormous world-wide sales of 'Ovaltine,' you obtain the maximum of health-giving nourishment at the lowest possible price. For all these reasons insist on 'Ovaltine' — *quality always tells.*

Remember — 'OVALTINE' is now served in Cafés and Restaurants

2 Vital Points

- *'Ovaltine' has special properties, which, when added to milk, make the milk deliciously palatable, completely digestible and much more nourishing.*
- *Even when you make your cup of 'Ovaltine' entirely with milk it is still the most economical food beverage. This is due to the exceptional character of the ingredients, their supremely high quality and the small quantity of 'Ovaltine' you need to use.*

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10, and 3/3 per tin.

P.178A

The 'Ovaltine' Factory in a Country Garden

You DARED to Speak Out

YOUR GRACE, — Although I know that you were for a long time a member of the Labour Party, and that for years you have been a champion of social reform, your great eech at the Albert Hall, when you icted our social system, was a revela- n even to me, one who knew of much t, in the past, you had done.

wish that I had been in the Albert ll that night. True it was that, in rmingham, I was saying, at another eting, some of what you said.

ut I should have liked to have been sent when a mass demonstration of Church of England stood, after your pressive speech, and recited, with you, pledge to take every possible action, h individually and through their rishes, for the amelioration of the lot their fellows who might be suffering der present conditions.

ritain is getting tired of a Chris- nity which merely bleats and blahs d then does nothing. You are trying lead it into a nobler way. May aven bless your efforts.

You will have little encouragement. I member that your spiritual chief, the rchbishop of Canterbury, recently dis- pointed many Anglicans by his accept- ce of the White Paper, which began at will result in a new Arms Race. though His Grace of Canterbury has e splendid work in supporting the ague of Nations, he was not firm ough that time.

* * *

The Church, led by him, should fight r in all its forms, and all those arma- nts which make for war. Led by you, hope it will at last start on that other at battle—the battle for better con- ions at home.

You dared to tell Anglicans that not ly must they give no rest to their own nsciences or those of their neighbours. u told them, in the revolt against alnutrition, bad housing and the nomic system which tolerates the gradation of unemployment, to "Con- itute yourselves a public nuisance until se and other and far greater isances are remedied."

Terrible indeed was your condemna- n of the existing conditions.

"While slum areas are cleared," you d, "overcrowding begins in fresh places. Houses leased unfurnished at low rentals are sublet in furnished rooms at exorbitant prices. There is a grievous shortage of decent houses at rents within the means of the poorest people."

What a reply to all the boast of the "National" Government that it has solved the housing problem!

Dick Sheppard was there, I see, supporting you.

"I hope Churchpeople will not set to work on social problems to prevent people 'going Bolshie,'" he said, "or because, unless they do something, people may become dissatisfied and unpleasant. You must set to work because it is intolerable that people shall not be saved from the horrors brought about because they cannot live decently and cannot work."

I seem to remember, when I read this, of a Man Who once, in righteous anger, drove the money-changers out of the Temple, declared that it was difficult for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and said that the mighty would be humbled and that the meek would inherit the earth.

By the meek, He did not mean the grovelling people, "the deserving poor." Obviously, He meant the ordinary common people of the world.

"When the very ease with which wealth is produced becomes a hindrance to trade and a cause of poverty, because with such abundance no profitable market can be found," you said, "it is clear that something is wrong. . . .

"While the diagnosing of the disease and the prescription of a remedy might be the work of experts, it is our business to incite the experts, even to badger the experts, until they produce their answer to our problem. Even if the solution is theirs, the problem is ours."

No, you did not dodge anything. You faced up to the facts—that the nightmare of unemployment must be stopped.

"The challenge of social evils," you declared, "is a challenge to our Christianity, both because those evils involve misery and hinder growth in virtue, and because our religion itself contains the principles by which they may be cured."

I wonder how many Anglicans will take to heart the real meaning of your attack upon unemployment? You see, as I do, and as do hundreds of thousands of well-meaning people in the country, that worklessness isolates an unemployed man from his fellows.

* * *

"The unemployed man loses the fellowship of the workshop or factory," you told the Albert Hall meeting, "drops out of his trade union, often loses membership of his club. Even at home he is a burden. The worst evil is not bodily cold or hunger but mental vacancy and boredom, a corrosion of personality itself."

More and more, there are growing up in Britain two nations—those who are employed and those who, more and more, feel themselves outside the pale. There is eating into their hearts the idea that they are the Great Unwanted, that the country has no place for them, that there is no hope of any kind for themselves or their families—no hope and no future.

Preaching sermons will not remedy this. Singing hymns will not do it. Intoning prayers will have no effect on unemployment. By raising the school-leaving age and by granting pensions to people at sixty and then fifty and then forty—as the machine does more and more of the work—are the only remedies.

You know that. And so do I.

Thousands who are turning away from the Church of England in disgust because of its inertia may be heartened now by what you have said.

"Is there malnutrition?" you asked. "Then stir up local feeling about it! Make that feeling tell effectively on the proper authorities.

"Is there bad housing? Then get the congregation and the Church Council to busy themselves about it!"

* * *

Mind you, I have heard protests like yours from prominent bishops before. They have been loudly applauded. Everyone who has listened has become excited. They have cheered—and then most of them have gone away and forgotten. And so the same old evils have continued.

I hope that, this time, the crusade of which you are the head will carry its message into every corner of the land. Britain is sick of a foul disease—the idea that nothing should be done unless you can make a profit out of it. It is the profit-making system which is the cause of all our woes. You know that.

In Manchester, you lived among the evils. You saw the remedy. Be even bolder. Fasten it down. Ram the message home!

Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to the Archbishop of York

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN,
ndon, S.W.

DEAR SIR AUSTEN,—Once again discus- on centres round the insistence of the itish representatives at Geneva that should retain the use of bombing anes.

You comment that on the North-West ontier of India aerial warfare is the most merciful form of punishment" for uly tribes.

It is merciful, I presume, because the besmen and their families have no ti-aircraft guns—and no bombing anes with which to retaliate.

JOHN BULL.

. REGISTRAR FRIEND,
rkenwell County Court

DEAR REGISTRAR,—I'm sure that unwise e of yours just slipped out.

When told by a woman that her hus- nd had been dead two years, you ex- imed: "Then how was the summons rved on him? Bailiffs are not likely get to heaven."

I should think it unutterably bad taste I didn't know that you would be the t man to say such a thing deliberately.

JOHN BULL.

ISHOP OF DURHAM: "Public men e very low opinion of one another, e have lower opinion still of average ter." Yes, and average voter has still er opinion of many public men.—HN BULL.

. G. SANDFORD,
ushend-on-Sea

DEAR SANDFORD,—Losing your job, you cided to sell your old barge—hoped to get £50 for it if you could get it into the Thames.

Using no power, you made a remarkable voyage of thirty miles, then ran into a gale which sent the craft ashore and wrecked it. You couldn't afford the cost of moving it, so you are sawing it up at the rate of one beam per hour and earn two shillings a day by selling the timber.

Fate should never get you down. I wish you good luck and a good job.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. MALCOLM MACKINNON,
Educational Institute of Scotland

DEAR PRESIDENT,—If you had your way you would write all school history books backwards, beginning with the present—so that scholars might have a better knowledge of what is happening to-day in this "very puzzling world."

Yes, "1066 and all that" may be amusing on the stage, but what earthly use it is in the schoolroom is more doubtful.

Let us teach our youngsters the facts of the world they live in.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BABE RUTH,
New York

DEAR BABE,—The highest-paid professional athlete in the world, you may soon be coming here to help make us "baseball minded."

Well, baseball leagues have already been started in our principal cities; in all, ninety-two clubs played during the last season.

The odd thing is that Mr. Aubrey Smith, the English actor, has successfully introduced cricket into America, so that the two countries seem to be exchanging national games. Anyway, here's luck to you both.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Bolton

GENTLEMEN,—There is much to commend your idea of a fixed tariff of fines for motor offences so that there will be no unfair discrepancies because different magistrates have different notions.

Many offenders don't know how much to take to certain courts—5s. or £5—so greatly do the penalties vary.

But one objection can be levelled against your scheme. Equal fines certainly punish the poorer offender more severely JOHN BULL.

Judge STURGESS,
Bloomsbury County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—Your latest dictum—that a servant struck by a young son of the household is justified in leaving without notice—will be approved by every fair-minded person.

After all, a mistress can instantly dismiss an unruly maid. Why should a servant have to put up with personal violence? JOHN BULL.

Rev. J. H. WILLIAMS,
Fraserburgh

DEAR SIR,—I like your spirited reply to a local doctor who thinks that children of your town have no sense of right or wrong, that their behaviour is terrible, and that there is at present a wave of juvenile crime.

"If the improper appropriation of apples from a garden constitutes juvenile crime,' you say, "the wave is a permanent one dating from the days of Eve."

Who dare say now that Scotsmen have no humour? JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ELIZABETH SLATER,
South Shields

DEAR MADAM,—On your way to meet your unemployed husband, who was drawing his relief money, you found ten £1 notes which you promptly handed to the police.

I am certain that rather than accept praise for your honesty you would prefer it to be taken for granted. What pleases me is that it has been recognised by a handsome gift from the owner of the money and by presents from two unknown admirers.

Gratitude on the part of lost property owners is too often out of proportion to the honesty of those who find and restore it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. T. BLEWITT,
Rotherham Rural Council

DEAR SIR,—If your council tenants are £10,000 in arrears it suggests that the rents are too high.

But I rejoice to find you defeating the proposed employment of debt collectors, for I know only too much of the methods of these gentry.

Many of those in arrears are doing their best to pay, and to place them at the mercy of men who are paid on a percentage of what they can screw out of unfortunate debtors would be the last word in callousness. JOHN BULL.

He thought his shirt was white . .

No matter how hard you try with other washers, you won't get Persil whiteness without using Persil. It's the *oxygen* in Persil that makes the difference. It sends Persil's soapsuds bubbling through the weave of the fabric—searching out the grey grubbiness that ordinary washers leave behind. So don't be content with a washer that washes things only *nearly* white. *Use Persil*—then all your things will be just as white as the day you bought them. And they'll last for ages and ages, too. For Persil acts only on dirt—never on the fabric.

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 497-364-65

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

£100 IN AWARDS for Shavers!

Can you write a MYATT-ELEGRAM?

1st Prize £50
2nd Prize £25
25 Consolation Prizes of £1 each

MYATT-ELEGRAM
A good test of your skill

D	A		
M	A	Y	
		R	K

Name .....
Address .....
BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Here is an interesting competition for long evenings—to show you how to save money on razor blades and make your shaving more comfortable.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Make up a sentence of seven words, describing the merits of Daymark Blades, using the letters in the word DAYMARK as the first letter to each word; the first word to begin with D, the second with A, the third with Y, and so on. Example:

Daymarking Assures Your Myatt-blades Always Really Keen

NOTE.—Only *one* word may be used to each letter except that in the case of D and M the words Daymark-blade(s) and Myatt-blade(s) will be counted as one word.

Use the form in this advertisement (or plain paper). Add your name and address clearly in BLOCK letters. Attach to each entry the envelopes (printed paper wrappers) from **five** Myatt Daymark Blades. Post to—

W. J. MYATT & CO., LTD., Argent Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Mark envelope "Comp."

Closing date—December 14th, 1935. It is hoped to post awards in time for Christmas, and publish them in the *DAILY MAIL*, December 24th.

Any number of MYATT-ELEGRAMS may be submitted providing each is accompanied by five envelopes from Myatt Daymark Blades. The prizes will be awarded to the entries in order of merit as decided by the judges appointed by W. J. Myatt & Co., Ltd. It is a condition of entry that the judges' decision shall be final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into. No employee or member of our organisation is eligible to compete.

Why are MYATT Blades Daymarked?

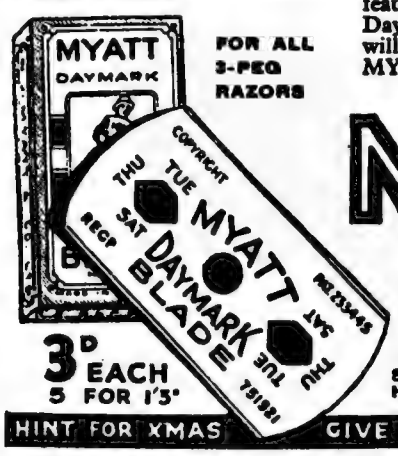
Examine the picture of the Myatt Blade below. It is marked TUE, THU, SAT. On the other side are MON, WED, FRI, SUN. That is the DAYMARK.

If a blade (even the super-keen MYATT Blade) is used on the same side, day after day, the very fine cutting edge becomes minutely bent over, that is, it soon becomes "dull." But the microscope reveals that if the blade is *turned over* systematically each day the action of shaving keeps the edge at its correct smooth-shaving angle, which means more and smoother shaves from every blade.

The MYATT Daymark Blade makes the turning simple and sure. You cannot use the wrong edge, because the alternate days are printed on each side of the blade.

On Monday you place the MYATT Daymark Blade in your razor with the side marked MON face upwards. For your Tuesday shave you turn the blade over, bringing the side marked TUE uppermost. By turning the blade day by day, according to the Daymark, you use each edge in turn, thereby taking advantage of a proved scientific phenomenon to prolong to the utmost the keen edge of the blade.

The result is more shaves from every blade and less blades to buy. **Your MYATT Daymark Blade will give you three times as many perfect shaves as any other make.** A million shavers have proved the efficiency of this exclusive feature of the MYATT Blade. Try MYATT Daymark Blades; their prolonged keenness will surprise you and inspire you to write a MYATT-ELEGRAM that may win you £50.



FOR ALL 3-PEG RAZORS

3D EACH
5 FOR 1'3

MYATT
DAYMARK BLADES

Sold by all good Chemists, Cutlers, Hairdressers, Ironmongers and Stores.

HINT FOR XMAS GIVE HIM A MYATT RAZOR SET

The World's BIGGEST..

"The Chinese have finally and fully surrendered to the conqueror" . . . the Japanese is now the policeman of Manchukuo

by A. G. GARDINER

THE biggest thing that is happening in the world to-day is not the election here, nor is it even the conflict between the League and Mussolini. It is happening far off, but it is destined to shake Europe and the world itself to their foundations.

While all our thoughts are centred on Abyssinia, Japan is marching swiftly, silently, triumphantly to the conquest of China and the hegemony of Asia. In the last few days another stride has been taken towards the goal. The Chinese, more helpless before the advance of Japan's great machine of war than the Abyssinians are before the advance of Italy, have finally and fully surrendered to the latest demands of their conqueror.

By this surrender Northern China falls into the lap of Japan. It has become a "demilitarised zone," which means that the native soldiery are banished and that the only effective military forces are the Japanese. All pro-Chinese mayors and officials have been replaced by pro-Japanese instruments, and "dangerous" persons who have dared to stand for the independence of their country are placed under arrest.

* * *

BY the end of July the Peking and Tientsin area had been gobbled up, and with the latest surrender the way is clear for the annexation of the whole of China to the Yellow River, comprising the great provinces of Chili, Shantung, Shansi and Charhar.

There has been no such colossal act of brigandage in modern times.

History has witnessed no such spectacle. An unarmed nation of 400,000,000 is being conquered and annexed by a relatively small island people equipped with all the devilish devices of war.

To conceive a parallel to what is happening we must imagine that this country has set out to conquer and annex Europe, and has in the space of four years overrun Germany, France and Spain.

That is a rough equivalent of what Japan is doing and has done. It was only in the autumn of 1931 that she began the terrific adventure. She had contemplated it long. The breakdown of the European system in the Great War gave her the chance, and she put forward her claim in 1921 to the Shantung Peninsula.

But the Washington Conference said "No," and the new League of Nations was an unknown quantity that she feared to challenge. She withdrew and bided her time.

It came four years ago. Europe was a prey to economic panic. Every country was scared with visions of catastrophe and was too preoccupied to see a danger.

At any rate, Japan took the risk. She trumped the claim. She trumped up a case against Manchuria, as Italy last spring trumped up a case against Abyssinia in regard to Wal Wal. She invaded the country, bombed Shanghai, put a puppet king in Manchuria, annexed Jehol, advanced in Mongolia, passed the Great Wall into China proper, and to-day she is mistress of the ancient capital of Peking and of Northern China.

And all this has been accomplished in the light of day, with the whole world looking on and with the League of Nations dumb and inactive as a parish council. Japan had played a desperate bluff, and the bluff was not called.

It was the first great challenge to the League's authority, and the League collapsed before it. In saying this I am not suggesting that it should have made war on Japan. War was not necessary, but action, instant and bold, was both necessary and easy. If the policy which is being adopted to-day towards Italy had been adopted then towards Japan, there would have been no conquest of China and there would have been no invasion now of Abyssinia.

It was the League's failure to grasp the nettle in the Far East four years ago that is responsible for Mussolini's defiance to-day.

What Japan had done, he would do. Japan had defied the League with impunity: he could defy it with impunity.

Had the world ostracised Japan as it is now ostracising Italy, had it isolated her economically, cut off diplomatic relations with her, put her in quarantine as a dangerous enemy of mankind, the bluff would have been called, the League would have asserted its power as the policeman of the world and China would to-day be free.

But the League collapsed, and to-day, in another crisis, we are feverishly trying to set it on its legs again. It was not this country which was alone responsible for the collapse.

But it was this country which was mainly responsible.

* * *

WHO can doubt, if the same strong lead to Europe had been given by our Government then as we have given against Italy now, that Japan would have had to cry "Hands Up"? Remember the League was then far more powerful. Germany was in it. Italy was not fighting against it. Above all, it had not suffered defeat. Its power was unknown and the unknown is always feared.

I think the future will see in that event one of the most momentous turning points in history. It may be that the tragedy will be partly redeemed by the belated effort to-day. If the League wins now, it may make a new start and recover some of the ground it lost. But it cannot harness Japan now. And it cannot save China.

And that is the tremendous fact which confronts the world. It is that fact to which I referred above when I said that what is happening in the Far East is destined to shake the world to its foundations.

For consider what this vast shadow over the future means. Japan has only begun. What she did in Manchuria, what she has now done in North China, she can and will do over the whole Chinese Empire.

She is omnipotent in the Far East. She is the big noise in Asia. She has established her foothold on the Continent and is mistress of a country containing a population as great as that of Europe.

* * *

IN the prophetic phrase of one of her statesmen after the Russo-Japanese war: "Japan has destroyed the hypnotism of colour." The Yellow man has come to power. Asia is his battleground and Japan his warlike spearhead.

The peaceful philosophy of the Chinese will be a creed outworn. They will be drilled and disciplined under the leadership of a nation, ambitious, militarist and conscious of power—conscious, too, of the immense disruption that has shattered the White man's world and the White man's civilisation.

And what of Europe's outlook in the Far East? What of those vast trading interests that the European nations possess?

What will be the position of the Shanghais and Hong-Kongs when Japan is well in the saddle and can attend to business?

We know what to expect from what has happened in Manchuria. Japan is not annexing China to foster European trade, and she has no more respect for the "open door" in commerce than she has for her signature to the League Covenant. She violated the one and she will violate the other.

It is not a pleasant picture for Europe to contemplate, and it is none the more agreeable because it was largely designed at Geneva in that autumn of 1931.

Red Letter Day

Make to-day your red-letter day by seizing the opportunity of securing a copy of the "Mammoth Wonder Book." It is a book of a thousand delights. Turn to pages 23 to 26 for full details.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

The Eyes Have It

EYES,
Human eyes,
Ev'ry shape and ev'ry size—
We're confronted with them daily,
and endeavour to surmise;
From the messages they flash us,
If their owners mean to "mash" us,
Or just "kid" us on to dash us!
Are they telling truth or lies?

Try
To descry
What these optics may imply—
Do they send your hopes to zero or uplift them to the sky?
But don't build up high romances
On the strength of glints and glances,
For, whate'er they say, the chances
Are it's safer far to fly!

Much has been written about the "language of the eyes," and many a confident lad seems to think that it can be picked up without studying even the elementary rules of optical grammar.

Some, in fact, are such poor linguists that they will translate as "Come hither" what any advanced student would recognise as "How dare you?"

Discoursing to the Women's International Films Association, Dr. Josiah Oldfield declared: "Whereas men have conquered by a fierce unquailing gaze which has dominated slaves and cowards and animals, women have attained to still greater power by eyes that have shown pity and affection. It is the 'glad eye' by women which has proved mightier than the sword."

And its effects sometimes have proved scarcely less devastating. For many a man after receiving a wound from a pair of sparkling eyes has found himself a casualty at the matrimonial clearing station.

Although it may disconcert one at the time, the geological survey (less elegantly known as the stony stare) is less permanently harmful than the glad eye. As for that "fierce, unquailing gaze" of which Dr. Josiah speaks, this is one of the most dangerous of optical illusions.

Tinpot tyrants cultivate "an eye like Mars, to threaten and command" (as Shakespeare put it before Mussolini was born), so as to build up a mass delusion that there is more in them than meets the eye—whereas there is frequently a good deal less!

When this simple fact is understood, more than one stern-eyed dictator will be recognised as being merely a black sheep in wolf's clothing.

Take a pair of glaring eyes,
Set beneath a frowning brow,
Ringed with eyebrows fierce and black;
And their owner may surmise
That Napoleon, somehow,
In his person has come back.

Take a pugilistic chin
That appears to need a shave,
Take a row of gleaming teeth,
And respect these oft will win;
For an outward show so brave
Can disguise the dud beneath!

Take a look below the mask
And you'll very often find
What seems strength is but a lie!
Though the optics do their task,
If they can't command the mind
The result is—"all my eye"!

YES, DEAR, I'M SLEEPING AND FEELING BETTER NOW THAN I'VE DONE FOR YEARS
THERE, MOTHER DARLING, I KNEW BOURN-VITA WAS JUST THE THING FOR YOU IT DID THE SAME FOR ME

That day the old lady wrote this letter:

Gentlemen,

I think it is only fair to tell you that I have suffered many years from sleeplessness and have tried many so-called remedies but without relief. My daughter, a nurse, persuaded me to try Bourn-vita. I refused, but she bought me a ½ lb. tin, so to please her I tried it and am bound to say I am now enjoying refreshing sleep and my general health has improved . . . If this will help others like myself who have known the want of sleep and have so long suffered, you are quite at liberty to use this if you choose.

I am, gratefully yours,

(signed) H. G. T.

YOU TOO can get the same help from Bourn-vita because, more than other food-drinks, it assists and soothes digestion and enables you to sleep better and to wake up refreshed and full of energy.

last night's

BOURN-VITA

is helping her now!

Bourn-vita is a CADBURY product

TO AVOID Flatulence & PAIN AFTER MEALS

The secret of keeping free from indigestion and distressing flatulence lies in restoring the normal activity of the gastric juice so that the digestion of food starts at once and is finished without delay. This is precisely the help you get from 'Milk of Magnesia'. It sweetens a sour, acid stomach within five minutes and stops acute indigestion almost instantly. It enables you to enjoy and digest every meal with ease; free from pain and flatulence.

For convenience, many carry 'Milk of Magnesia' in the handy Tablet form. Each Tablet equal to one teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia'. A neat flat tin for the waistcoat pocket or lady's bag 1/-; also a family size bottle 2/. Of all chemists. For a most convincing proof try the Tablets after your next meal.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

"That looks lovely!

I've never seen a more perfect floor"

"I did it with VARNENE"

VARNENE the new oil varnish stain is definitely a far better treatment for floors. Never before has it been possible to give such lasting beauty. 'Varnene' stains ordinary floor boards to the colours of Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak or Ebony, giving a hard surface that resists wear, chipping and scratching. It beautifies the grain and figuring of the wood and gives a waterproof finish. For *lasting* floor beauty use 'Varnene.'

From all stores in Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear Colourless Varnish.

TINS 6d. 1/- & 1/6

VARNENE

THE NEW AND MORE EFFICIENT OIL VARNISH STAIN

Made by Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.4. Makers of Mansion Polish

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

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Address .....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 16/11/35

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Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

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..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 16/11/35

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CASH THE COUPONS

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A Very Reverend RASCAL

Dean Quayle used a trick like this to defraud young women in search of employment

CLERGYMEN and church office-bearers of all denominations in most parts of the country have lately been receiving stereotyped letters from the Very Rev. Dean Quayle offering to give their congregations entertaining and educative lectures on the topical subject of the life and customs of the Abyssinian people.

Dr. Hector F. Quayle, as the Dean explains is his full name, has been writing to ministers and laymen from an hotel address in London. His deanery, which he represents to be near Windsor, is, he says, under repair, and he has planned his lecture tour as a means of occupying his idle time while waiting to return to his Windsor residence.

In correspondence and conversations, Dean Quayle has let it be understood that, after long missionary service in East Africa and Abyssinia and in the Italian colonies of Eritrea and Somalia, he was appointed to his deanship, both by the Bishops of Chota Nagpur, in India, and of Colombo, in Ceylon. For health reasons, he adds, he returned to Britain three years ago, and, living now practically in retirement, is devoting the rest of his life to literary work.

Dean Quayle is an impostor. There is reason to state that he has never been in Africa or India, and he certainly has never had any official association with any church.

But the Dean, rosy and rubicund, with very bright blue eyes and silvering hair, not only dresses but looks his part. Indeed, the only fault in his make-up has been that the imitation gold cross which he wears suspended from a delicate cord at his neck is a trifle too large and thick to be affected by a genuine dignitary of the Church.

From the Midlands to the Scottish Border, Quayle has been delivering a series of his lectures on Abyssinia, illustrated by films and still pictures, all of which he declares to have been taken by himself during an adventurous career in some of the wildest areas of Ethiopia, Somaliland and the adjoining territories.

To say the least, he gives his audiences value for the money they pay for admission or the contributions they make to silver collections.

But it is all spoof. His exploits and anecdotes have been culled from books and his films and photographs have been merely hired from the stocks of agencies.

Deeper mission

Dean Quayle, however, has a deeper mission than gulling the public.

In the towns he has visited on his lecture tour he has, of course, been provided with hospitality by church people, and in their homes he has confided to them and their friends a method by which to benefit themselves financially.

The bogus Dean indicates to them that he is a friend of a well-known financier who is a leading layman of the Church and who has given him the "tip" to buy shares in a private company, named Rogier Development, Limited, which has recently been registered in Johannesburg to exploit a gold area soon to be sanctioned by the Government of South Africa for mining purposes.

Quayle trims his story with a statement that the brokers of his financier friend have reserved £10,000 worth of the stock of Rogier Development for him, but that, as he has only the means to take up £3,000 of it himself, he is offering the remainder with confidence to his own friends in the Church, as it is expected that the shares will nearly double in value in a few months.

The gold mining company does not exist, but the many people whom Quayle has defrauded can scarcely be blamed for having, in such circumstances, accepted the word of a supposed Dean without making further enquiries.

It is true that the sums he has received have been comparatively small—£50 is the largest—but he has worked quickly and with almost unfailing success. For instance, at one vicarage, where a party of parishioners assembled to meet him socially after his lecture, he persuaded eleven of them to give him £10 each.

His victims, mostly people who can ill afford to lose the money, are informed that receipts and scrip for their investments will be forwarded to them from Johannesburg, but all will wait in vain.

After one of his lectures, however, Dean Quayle did not wait as usual to meet the local church people and to fool them with his gold mine story. He had just left the platform, when a young woman who had been in the audience came forward to speak to him, and, in consequence of the interview that followed, he hurriedly departed from the town.

For months the solicitors of this woman in Bradford, Yorkshire, had been endeavouring to serve Quayle with an affiliation summons. Only, she and her solicitors did not know him as Quayle.

She knew him as a former employer who used the name Dr. Hector Powell, and, while in his service as a secretary, he had betrayed her with a promise of marriage.

And the work on which he had been engaged while she was his secretary was also in connection with a swindle. Powell, which is his real name, although he is no more a doctor than he is a dean, had at that time represented that, in the course of research work in the laboratory, he had discovered the secret of a beauty preparation which had such immense commercial possibilities that he had decided to abandon his medical career to put it on the market.

Other deceptions

The truth is that Powell had no more stock-in-trade than ten bottles of a proprietary preparation upon which he put new labels, and an attaché-case in which he carried them.

Nevertheless, in a few months he made a large income with these bottles. He went from town to town and advertised in local newspapers for "intelligent, good-looking, smartly dressed young women canvassers."

Applicants appeared everywhere by the score, and, interviewing them at hotels, Powell stated that each of them, before being given employment, must deposit £1 with him as security for being provided with an outfit similar to the one which he displayed.

The women who paid over the money were told to report at an address in each town to begin work in a few days, but, before then, Powell had gone on somewhere else to repeat his frauds.

Dean Quayle, in the names of Coulson, Winters and MacDonagh, has also been concerned in other deceptions. From traders all over the country he obtained money for advertising space in guide books which were never published, and he promoted a spurious charity by which children were to be sent from the depressed areas to homes in the country for holidays, but which, while it existed, served only for his own enrichment.

The next cleryman or church official who receives an offer from Dean Quayle to lecture on Abyssinia will perform a public service by immediately making the fact known to the police.

Motorist's Shock

WE suggest that this case, which deals with a minor motor car offence on the part of a young commercial salesman, should be carefully reviewed by the police authorities. For the facts show how much time may be wasted on trivial delinquencies.

The salesman, whose name we withhold to save him further pain, was travelling in South Wales early this year and stopped at Neath for luncheon. When he returned to his car a police constable informed him that he had parked in an unauthorised place.

In the hope of saving trouble the salesman drove to the Neath police station and described the circumstances to the senior police officer on duty. Then he left for Manchester.

After a due interval, however, he received a summons demanding his appearance at the Neath police court. Owing to his employment the young man could not journey to South Wales to meet the accusation in person. So he wrote to the clerk to the magistrates offering an apology and explanation.

Receiving no further communication, he naturally imagined that the whole business was finished.

During the summer the salesman moved from Manchester to Leeds.

Now for the sequel: a short time ago a police officer in plain clothes appeared one evening and stated that he had a warrant for the salesman's arrest.

Imagine the consternation of that quiet suburban home. A policeman at the door; a warrant for arrest.

When the motorist talked with the policeman, he found that the summons against him had been dismissed on payment of the costs—5s.—and it was to punish him for the non-payment of the costs that the warrant had been issued.

Of course the motorist paid up immediately. He would have done so long before had he received notification.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Full Throttle

ONE of the greatest problems of life is to command our energies. Most of us make use of only a small part of our possible mental and physical resources.

If ever we learned to use everything we'd got, and use it to its fullest extent, we'd be surprised. We'd work wonders.

We rarely live up to our best. That is why we are rarely successful in any real meaning of the word. We suffer from some queer sense of inferiority towards ourselves. We know what we ought to do. We feel what we could do. Yet we are scared of attempting to do it.

Why is it? It is nothing fundamental or constitutional. We don't live below par because we can't live above it. Almost everybody has experienced moments of tremendous stress when they have surprised themselves by their accomplishments.

The possibility is always there. It is only that we rarely bring it to the surface.

The secret is that effort needs incentive. Energy is only called forth by intense interests, really dominating ambitions, attractive visions of possible goals. And fresh floods of energy can only be summoned by fresh interests, fresh ambitions, new goals.

The alternative is staleness, dull and deadening routine.

The greatest mistake is to wait for inspiration, to wait for the moment that will force us to call up our inexhaustible reserves. If we do that, we shall be lucky if it ever comes.

It is the easiest thing in the world to go stale, to sink into a dull, plodding round that permits us to live, but gets us no nearer anywhere.

We have to create a plan of action for ourselves, map out a course and set a goal that we want to reach. It is striving that produces energy: and the more we strive, the greater the flow of energy.

The more we set ourselves to do, the more we can accomplish. Few people believe that. The few who do believe it are those who attain success.

You are haggard, pale weary and dispirited

because you are

Iron-Starved

Like countless thousands of others, you are iron-starved, *but you do not realise it.* You only feel and see the *symptoms* of iron starvation.

You have no stamina—no energy. You soon get run-down—catch cold easily. Suffer from headaches—feel 'nervy' and irritable. Your appetite and digestion are poor.

And your weakness has spoilt your good looks. Your cheeks and lips are pale, your hair lifeless, your eyes dull.

You need Iron 'Jelloids'

Iron 'Jelloids' supply strengthening iron in its safest, most convenient, and most easily assimilated form. Taken regularly three times a day they will quickly restore your health and looks.

Within only a few days you will begin to notice a wonderful improvement. Every organ and tissue in your body will be invigorated. Very soon you will find you have more energy—more vitality. You will feel fit and strong and glow with the bloom and sparkle of glorious health.

Ask yourself!

Have I any of these symptoms of blood that is IRON-STARVED?

PALE LIPS AND CHEEKS? LIFELESS HAIR? — DULL EYES? POOR CIRCULATION? — NERVOUS IRRITABILITY? — PALPITATION? BREATHLESSNESS? — PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION?—POOR APPETITE? HEADACHES? — SUSCEPTIBILITY TO COLDS? — INDIGESTION? GENERAL LASSITUDE? CHILBLAINS? — COLD HANDS and FEET? — MENTAL DEPRESSION? HYSTERIA?—FAINTNESS?

Don't treat the symptoms—strengthen your blood with MORE IRON!

Iron Jelloids

Rapidly Restore Rich Red Blood

Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) *1/3* (10 days' treatment)

FOR WOMEN: No. 2
The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

FOR MEN: No. 2a
Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2a. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two large boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR CHILDREN: No. 1
Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red and nutritious.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

£10 MUST BE WON AGAIN THIS WEEK

Write a fourth line for this rhyme in the space above and win a substantial money prize.

ANOTHER £10 FOR A LAST LINE. Zubes quick and easy rhyming contests offer this sum every week. Are you going to win it? All you do is to write the line in the space left above and send it, together with your name and address, to ZUBES RHYMES, Messrs. F. W. Hampshire & Co. Ltd., Derby (Comp.), enclosing the wax paper disc from a Zubes tin or the bag in which Zubes are sold loose. Now, come on!—send in a line that tickles the judges. Remember, their decision is final. Last day, November 23rd. Look for Competition No. 5 in this paper next week. If you don't win a prize this time, you can win relief from throat and chest troubles by having Zubes handy. Join with those countless people whose comfort slogan is—

GO-SUCK A ZUBE

ZUBES

Zubes are best for Throat & Chest

In flat tins 3d. & 6d.
Loose 2½d. per ounce

10 MINUTES TO WAIT—so *Mine's a Minor!*

Just the cigarette for a blissful brief-time smoke. In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large—big enough, however, to last a full ten minutes.

5 *for* 2d. 10 *for* 4d.
15 *for* 6d. 20 *for* 8d.
IN TINS.
30 *for* 1/- 60 *for* 2/-

De Reszke MINORS

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

DOCTOR'S ASTOUNDING ACT—

Death Certificate for LIVING WOMAN

TWO county medical officers of health—those of Essex and Hertfordshire—have examined in their administrative capacity a remarkable maternity tragedy

Complaints by the husband and relatives of a young mother, who died with her child in an Essex nursing home, are of such a nature that the officials have felt it their duty to make an investigation—the Essex medical officer because the nursing home is within his area, and the Hertfordshire officer because a doctor living in that county is involved.

The case is one of unusual interest and importance because it emphasises the imperative need for more rigid regulations regarding the issue of death certificates.

For in this particular instance:

A death certificate was given for a living woman.

In his wisdom, the doctor attending a young mother as she lay grievously ill following her confinement actually signed a death certificate for this patient more than a month before she died.

His reason for doing so is a curious one as coming from a qualified medical practitioner.

This doctor states that he is a superstitious person and he felt in some manner that the signing of the death certificate while the woman was living would possibly influence favourably the course of the illness. He had done the same thing before, and had found then that his superstitions were justified.

Pathetic

Although this premature death certificate was signed by the doctor, the husband of the patient was not informed that his wife was seriously ill until six days later, and then only by the matron of the nursing home.

The fact of a death certificate having been signed for a living woman was not revealed until some considerable time later—until after the young woman was dead and an enquiry was being held by the Essex county medical officer.

These are the circumstances of this amazing and pathetic story.

Mrs. Elsie Winifred Coleman, aged twenty-five, a talented black-and-white artist, and the wife of Mr. Arthur Vernon Coleman, who holds a substantial position in the City of London, entered the Paringa Nursing Home, Stansted, Essex, in preparation for the birth of her first child.

She was attended at her confinement and subsequently by Dr. Robert Allez Rotherham Wallace, of Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

When the baby arrived—a fine, healthy girl, as the parents were assured—everything appeared to be normal. Both mother and child were doing well.

Later, however—at the end of a fortnight—the baby became ill. There was a swelling of the hand and arm, and it was found necessary to lance the hand.

The father was told there was no cause for any alarm concerning his child.

Therefore he was overwhelmed to learn one morning when he rang up the nursing home that, unfortunately, the baby had died at 7.45. Meningitis was the cause of death.

Before the loss of her baby, Mrs. Coleman had relapsed from the ordinary course of recovery after a normal confinement. She was taken with a rigor one day, and her temperature mounted. It was then reported to her relatives that she had a touch of influenza.

A relapse

Subsequently it transpired that about this time the doctor signed a certificate of death for Mrs. Elsie Coleman, but without filling in a date.

Yet she did not die until five weeks after the doctor's name had been written at the foot of that document.

Gradually Mrs. Coleman became worse, for septæcemia had supervened. By the instruction of the grief-stricken, distracted husband, everything possible was done on her behalf.

Specialists were brought to her bedside from London. Blood transfusions were given, but all to no good purpose.

The death of the mother followed.

The primary cause of the fatal illness was toxic myocarditis after the confinement.

An admission

When the case was brought to the notice of Dr. W. A. Bullough, the Essex Medical Officer of Health, he, with his chief assistant, visited the Paringa Nursing Home, and held a round-table conference attended by Dr. Wallace, Miss Horton, the matron of the home, Mr. Coleman, the husband, and members of his family.

Then it was Dr. Wallace made the startling disclosure that he had signed a death certificate for Mrs. Elsie Coleman so long before her death, and he explained his superstitious belief as the excuse for so doing.

Another question arose as to whether the toxic myocarditis following childbirth had been reported to the authorities when first diagnosed, in accordance with the regulations of the Ministry of Health. No notification had, in fact, been given.

Many people will find it difficult to believe that such a state of affairs could be possible, yet those are the bare details of this lamentable case.

In that Essex nursing home two precious lives were lost: a young mother and her child.

By that double tragedy a prosperous happy home—in which a devoted couple had planned so gloriously for the future—was broken to ruins, and a husband driven to despair.

The conclusion to be drawn is inevitable: It should be—as it is meant to be—an impossibility for a doctor to sign a death certificate in respect of a living person.

Dr. W. A. Bullough, Medical Officer of Health for Essex, presided over an enquiry into this strange case

The impropriety is obvious. The possible dangers to the community by the signing of such a certificate *before death*—no matter if all hope of life has been given up—need no stress.

One reassuring feature remains—the promptitude and thoroughness with which the county medical authorities investigated the deaths when the matter was brought to their notice.

Both Dr. Bullough, from Essex County headquarters, Chelmsford, and Dr. H. H. Thomson, of Hertford, acted to the full extent of their powers.

And if the publicity here given ensures that there can be no repetition of such an extraordinary chapter of events, it will have served its purpose.

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

DEADLY Desires

A CONTEMPORARY writer caused a shudder amongst his readers some time ago by saying that scarcely anyone ever fell ill without someone somewhere wishing him to die. Another person commenting on this statement, remarked that if this were true then a murderer was only a person who took steps to make his secret wish effective, whereas a respectable person might be cherishing the very same wish without going so far.

This is a rather horrible thought, but I fear there may be a modicum of truth in it. It is possible for a decent-living human being to be possessed by a wish of this kind without acknowledging it to himself. Naturally he would not dwell upon it if he were actuated by good principles; it might horrify him to be conscious of it, but it could be at the bottom of his heart nevertheless.

For instance, a father may have failed to win and keep the love and respect of his children. When he grows old and infirm they may find him disagreeable to live with and an irksome responsibility to have to bear. Perhaps they conscientiously do their best for him, but would it be surprising to know that it would be a relief to them all if he were gone?

They will never say so nor permit themselves to gloat over such a prospect if they are right-minded people, but when the end actually comes there is likely to be some measure of thankfulness mingled with their regret. To be ashamed of the feeling and saddened thereby—for it is a depressing fact—does not do away with it; it is there.

* * *

The feeling may be less defensible than this, of course. There are many selfish people waiting for dead men's shoes, and it is a ghastly thing when these include a man's or woman's own kith and kin. Covetousness can steel the heart against grief even where natural affection is not entirely dead.

Nothing could be more likely to shadow the last hours of a passing soul than the suspicion or conviction that those about him are already counting on the advantage they will gain by his departure from the world.

These unpleasant facts of human relationships do not develop suddenly and one-sidedly; they grow out of avoidable maladjustments

When people live together for any length of time, either two and two or in groups, it is quite common to find one strong will dominating the other or others. A husband may be very exacting in his treatment of his wife and never suspect it. So may a wife with a husband, a parent with a child, or a child with a parent.

Service and devotion are taken for granted without adequate return. Rights may be insisted on rather than duties. A tendency to monopolise a fellow-creature's energies in the indulgence of one's own whims and fancies may become such a habit that no overt protest is made against the bondage it imposes.

The result is to crush and restrict the development of the underling's personality. One does all the taking and the other all the giving. The only hope of salvation for the latter is to be delivered from the other person's influence.

Never put shackles on another's mind and will. Respect the spiritual freedom of those you love. Be ever considerate for their happiness; be thoughtful to promote it; and when the hour of inevitable separation comes there will be no bitterness in the last farewell.

Insurance Touts

DETECTIVES at Scotland Yard, and officers attached to certain provincial police stations, are receiving complaints from poor people who are being defrauded in a particularly ingenious fashion.

A typical instance is that of a rascal named Frederick Lucas, who called the other day upon a woman at Kettering and stated that he was the local representative of a well-known insurance company.

The facts he mentioned showed clearly that he was well-informed about the habits and life of the dead man, who was supposed to have left part of the proceeds of an endowment policy to the Kettering lady, who was only distantly related to him and was not aware that anything was coming to her at all.

* * *

Lucas, as is usual in this class of roguery, "regretted" that the premiums on the policy were slightly in arrear, and that before he could make the requested payment he must bring them up to date.

The woman, completely taken in by the plausibility of her visitor, raised the money and handed it over. That was the last she heard of the affair!

In different parts of the country numerous people have been similarly imposed upon, and several warrants have been issued for the arrest of this particular individual, who is known by many aliases, and others who are working the same game.

Readers who may be approached by men with stories of this kind can easily call their bluff by saying they will only pay the so-called "arrears" at the local office of the insurance company whose name is mentioned.

It is highly significant that so many men employed in heavy manual work make Fry's Cocoa their regular drink. The reason is that this cocoa is a particularly fine source of energy, which it supplies quickly and lastingly. Scientific analysis of Fry's proves it to contain a high proportion of protein—the material that repairs the tissue waste in the body. And the flavour is delicious.

The missus says

I'm the best advertisement for Fry's Cocoa

FRY'S BREAKFAST COCOA PER ¼LB. NET WEIGHT 5½d

FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY TIN

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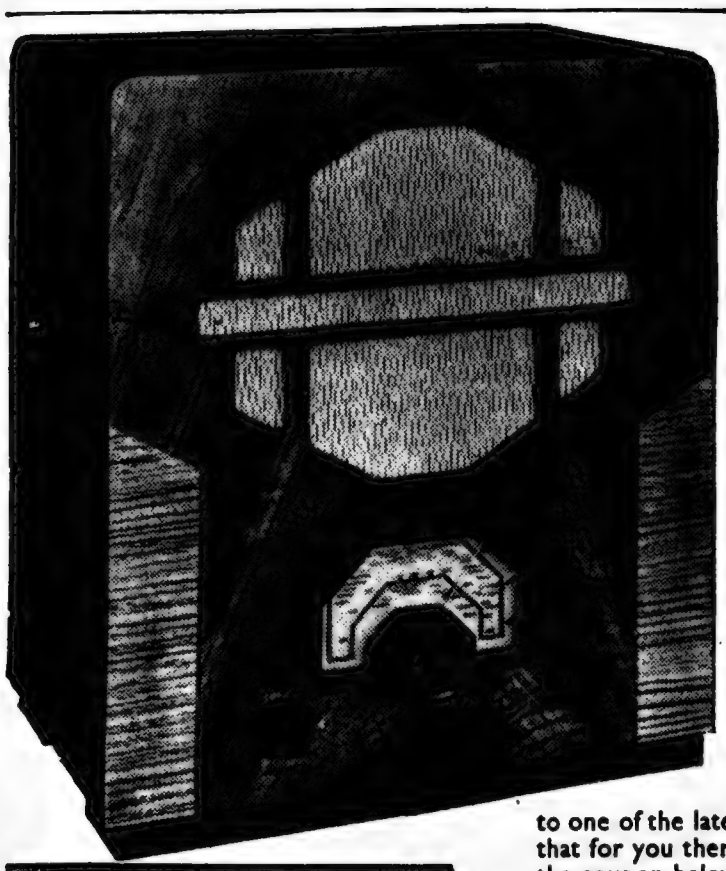

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A KB receiver gets all the best on the air and gives it out at its best. Buy a KB and find out what you're missing. KB's easy terms are the easiest on the market — spread out over *18 months* — and that in itself would be sufficient reason for choosing a KB. But listen to one of the latest models at your local KB dealer's and you'll know that for you there's only one make — KB. For full particulars post the coupon below.

KB RADIO

SOME SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE KB 430 A.C./D.C. SUPER-HETERODYNE RECEIVER

Highly efficient tuned radio-frequency amplifier with variable-mu H.F. pentode for super range and selectivity. Power detector and high slope output pentode with sensitive moving coil speaker for excellent tone and generous volume. Illuminated full-vision dial with station names and wave-lengths for easy tuning. Built-in mains filter to reject electrical interference. Exceptionally attractive cabinet of figured walnut with zebrano relief. For A.C. mains 200-270 volts, 40-60 cycles, or D.C. 200-270 volts.

PRICE 8½ GNS., or first payment of 17/6 (including 2/- insurance) and 78 weekly payments of 2/6. Other KB Receivers from £5 17s. 6d. to 25 guineas.

WOW! POST THIS COUPON

TO KOLSTER-BRANDES LTD., CRAY WORKS, SIDCUP, KENT.

Please send me a copy of your booklet KB Radio — 12 sets for the season 1935-6 J.B. (16.11.35) 150

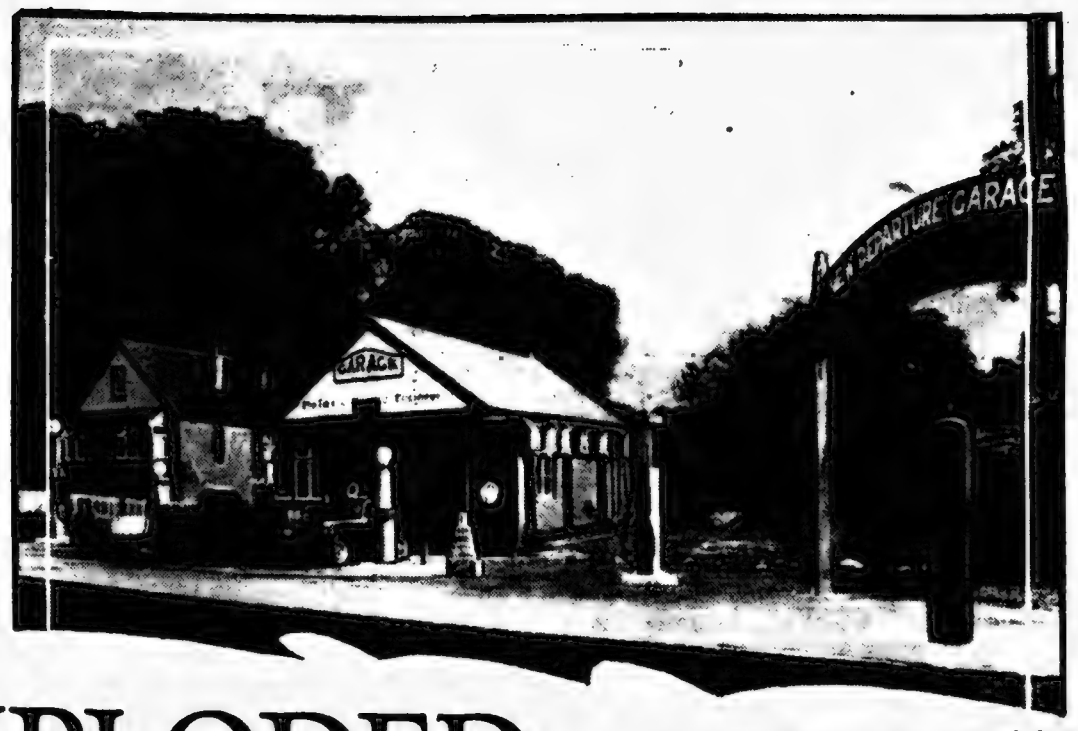
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If you tuck in your envelope-flap instead of sealing it, a ha'penny stamp will do

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS *from* SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Cheap PETROL Ramp EXPLODED



This is the New Departure Filling Station which plays a prominent part in the strange offer here described

ATTEMPTS are being made at the present time to foist an extraordinary company promotion scheme on the public. The proposal comes from the Period Investment Trust, Ltd., of 16-17, Devonshire Square, London.

Large numbers of circulars, I learn, are being distributed by the Trust inviting loans of from £10 upwards; the money to be used for the preliminary expenses of forming a company which is to operate as distributors of cheap motor spirit.

All those who subscribe to the Trust are promised a profit at the rate *of no less than* 20 *per cent. per annum*, with the ultimate return of the capital invested plus a 100 per cent. bonus.

"It is generally known," declares the Trust in one of its alluring leaflets, "that in the preliminary organisation of a public company large profits are made by those who provide the capital for such work, but hitherto the small and private investor has not been invited to join and share therein."

Generous

Generously the Trust proposes to remedy the omission.

"The Trust as an organising and promotion force has been brought into existence because its founders realised that in the present state of British trade and commerce there is an enormous scope available to the operations of an issuing house which shall specialise and concentrate on the preliminary financing and promotion of moderate sized enterprises.

"Each project, business, invention or undertaking which the Trust will undertake to finance and promote into a public company will be the subject of a separate period operation, and to each of these the investor clients will be invited to subscribe."

And with a good deal more of that jargon, the would-be investor is introduced to:—"Period Operation No. 1—Monarch Motor Spirit."

A temporary loan capital of £3,000 is to be raised to provide for the flotation—at some unspecified date—of Monarch Motor Spirit, Ltd., as a public company with a share capital of £50,000.

When that is achieved, Monarch Motor Spirit, Ltd., is to distribute and sell throughout London and the South of England a "guaranteed and certified British blended petrol" at the price of 1s. 3d. a gallon.

Already, as a first step, the Period Investment Trust, Ltd., has acquired control of Eastrop Motor Spirit (London), Ltd., "which operates from trading headquarters at New Departure Filling Station, Bread and Cheese Hill, Thundersley, Essex, and supplies various garages with petrol and has an average turnover of 20,000 gallons weekly. This company is now being financed by the Period Investment Trust, Ltd., by means of loan capital from that institution."

As a result of the investigations I have had made into the Period Investment Trust, Ltd., and its subsidiaries, Eastrop Motor Spirit (London), Ltd., and the New Departure Filling Station of Thundersley, I can state most emphatically that no investor *should consider for a second any of the propositions put forward by this strange, interlocked organisation.*

The Period Investment Trust was registered as a private company at the beginning of this year, with an authorised capital of only £100. Particulars on the file at Somerset House indicate that £2 of that capital has been subscribed.

Details of the company were lodged by one William Cooper, a petrol salesman—which may mean a man who attends to a petrol pump—of the New Departure Filling Station at Thundersley. Curious how this filling station runs like a theme through all the available documents of the concern.

William Cooper, petrol salesman, was the first director of the Trust, but in the summer he relinquished that post in favour of a James Vincent Caddey, of Stanhope Gardens, Harringay, London, who became managing and only director.

Under the memorandum of association the Trust is empowered "to borrow or raise money in any manner particularly by the issue of investment certificates, to any amount not exceeding £50,000, and upon such terms and conditions as to interest, profit, participation, repayment or otherwise as the directors may determine."

Small affair

Regarding Eastrop Motor Spirit (London), Ltd.; this again is a £100 private company, with the capital divided into 1s. shares.

Managing director is Herbert Henry Appleton, petrol dealer, of "Hillbury," Thundersley, a bungalow adjoining the New Departure Filling Station. Everything about the enterprise of the Period Investment Trust, I repeat, seems to germinate from the New Departure Filling Station.

Therefore, it is interesting to know that Herbert Henry Appleton is the registered proprietor of this petrol and motor oil supply business.

Inspection of the "New Departure" does not give any indication of highly prosperous trading. It is a small affair—as garages and filling stations go—in New Thundersley, on the old London-Southend road.

When my representative visited the station, the "New Departure" signboard had been blown down in a recent gale, and nobody had been to the trouble of re-erecting it. That illustrates the general, rather unkempt atmosphere.

Five petrol pumps are installed at the station, but only *two* were working; the other three were dismantled. The staff on duty consisted of one young man.

There is certainly nothing in the way of modern motor service equipment or organisation to suggest that the "New Departure" is the trading headquarters of a company with a weekly sale of petrol running to many thousands of gallons.

Of ordinary garage business there is little. Some of the motor repair work which comes to the "New Departure" is farmed out to another garage in the village. Actually the cash sales of petrol at the station frequently amount to less than £1 a day.

Yet the Period Investment Trust, Ltd., is pretending to the public that this filling station is to be the inaugural centre for a company which is to retail motor spirit in competition with the established brands!

The proposition would be simply farcical if there was not the unpleasant fact that money for this preposterous venture is being sought from small investors.

And now I can reveal something that puts the Period Investment Trust, Ltd., and its projects in a less attractive light. Connected with the Trust and operating behind the scenes is that dubious financier—Thomas Sleigh Appleton.

Appleton's reputation is notorious, which may explain why his name does not appear in relation to the companies.

On many occasions JOHN BULL has issued warnings in these columns against this unscrupulous manipulator. He has, in his time, fleeced investors of many thousands of pounds. He has made fortunes at the expense of others.

Queer financier

He has been imprisoned for his offences in the past under different names. One conviction at Manchester was eighteen months' hard labour for obtaining money by fraud. In the name of Arthur Ford he was fined £40 for illegal share-pushing—the first prosecution of its kind under the Companies Act of 1928.

The Herbert Henry Appleton, managing director of Eastrop Motor Spirit (London), Ltd., and owner of the New Departure Filling Station, is a member of the family of this Thomas Sleigh Appleton.

I have said enough to show that the whole conception of the Period Investment Trust, Ltd., and its precious "Period Operations" is intended to catch the unwary to their financial detriment.

And I should like to think that this publicity will help to shut the shop of this impossible "Trust."

Read Them—

You must read pages 23 to 26. They will be of thrilling interest to you. You will read full details of how you can secure a copy of the "Mammoth Wonder Book." Don't lose a moment—seize the opportunity.

TRUMPET MEDIUM TRICKSTER

SOME publicity seems desirable concerning an establishment called the Christian Spiritualist Church which is conducted at a house in Whitley Road, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

It is conducted by a certain John Hope, who pretends to be a genuine and sincere spiritualist medium. Actually he is a charlatan.

For a considerable time past Hope, an elderly man, who has practised spiritualism for profit with some effect, has been carrying on with a growing number of adherents drawn from the residents of Whitley Bay and surrounding district. The seances he holds regularly have been well attended. At each he gathers fees or a collection from those who believe in his manifestations.

Recently, however, according to the facts placed before us, John Hope was caught in an uncomfortable trap.

Some people present at a seance were sceptical. When supposed spirit voices were giving their message to the faithful an electric light was suddenly switched on, and John Hope was discovered talking through the trumpet. The departed spirits in that darkened room were, in fact, John Hope.

As a result of this exposure, Hope was subsequently charged on summonses at the local police court with obtaining money by false pretences. The magistrates fined him £6 for this offence.

* * *

During the hearing of the case it came out in evidence that one of the voices which came through the trumpet professed to be that of Nurse Cavell. When the trumpet was examined at the break up of the seance teeth marks were noticed on the mouthpiece.

Offering his excuses to the Court, Hope declared that if he did hold the trumpet, he was not aware of doing so as he was in a semi-trance.

Hope claims that he has been associated with the spiritualist movement for no less than thirty-six years. It is nigh time that this bogus medium was dropped like a stone by honest people.

Yet he has the temerity to carry on even after the police-court conviction. We trust that this publicity may assist in his exit.

The EMPTY CRA

In the Land of Broken Lives—4

BY

Barbara Ayrton Gould, J.P.

who, as JOHN BULL'S Special Commissioner, has visited the four great Distressed Areas—in South Wales, Lancashire, Tyneside, and Clydeside—over which one of the big battles of the General Election has been fought

I THOUGHT, when I was at Jarrow, that the limit of desolation had been reached on the Tyne.

When I got to the Clydeside, I found that the picture was the same, but that it was the more terrible in that it was painted on a much bigger canvas. Right away to the far side of Dumbarton, which is nearing the mouth of the river, *all* the works and shipyards, except John Brown's, are dead.

Dumbarton itself is over seven hundred years old, and was once the centre of shipping activity; now it is just a dreary relic of a town dying of inanition.

It lies between the river, which once yielded a livelihood to the whole population, and Loch Lomond, where some of the most beautiful scenery in the world is to be found.

Empty . .

But the bank of the Clyde is full of strange contrasts. Beardmore's, which, till recently, was one of the finest and most up-to-date shipyards in the world, is now completely dismantled and abandoned.

Over two miles of the river bank were covered by the firm's property: dry docks, constructional works, blast furnaces and electric plant—indeed everything that was needed for building and repairing ships of all kinds, from stately liners and giant battleships down to small craft, was produced there.

Many of the most important ships in the world have been made and launched from Beardmore's docks; and, before the slump, their yards and works were swarming with workmen. Now the dry docks and ships' berths are all empty, the machinery and electric plant gone; grass grows over the lines of the light railway running along the river bank, and only two or three huge cranes, rusting where they stand, remain to tell the story of past glories.

The great water-front, which, only a few years ago, was like a human ant-heap, where many thousands of men worked day and night, is completely deserted, and a watchman is the only human being in all that great waste of land.

One exception

What is true of Beardmore's is equally true of a number of smaller shipyards, along both sides of the Clyde; apart from one big yard, every one is closed and deserted. John Brown's, the exception, is full of life; there the giant luxury liner, the *Queen Mary*, is being finished with lightning rapidity, while an oil tanker and a light cruiser, both under construction, lie on either side of her.

When at last I stood inside this busy yard, and saw men crawling like flies over the vast hulks of the ships, and signs of activity everywhere, I felt as though I had passed through a horrid nightmare of some plague-stricken spot, and that at last I had mercifully awakened.

But, when I got back among the people of Dumbarton, Dennistoun, Clydebank and Port Glasgow, I realised it was no dream, but a hideous reality.

It is true that there are something like ten thousand men working altogether at John Brown's, but a large proportion of these are not local men at all; they are drawn from all parts of Scotland, so that local unemployment remains appallingly high.

In Dumbarton, for instance, over 70 per cent. of the people are still unemployed, with no hope of getting work. In Port Glasgow, just across the water, the unemployment is so great that the levy of a penny rate brings in under £200, whereas in Glasgow itself, a similar levy raises over £45,000.

Everywhere the people complained bitterly of their enforced idleness. "And what good will I be, walking the streets continually?" said the father of seven children to me; and I wondered what would be the fate of his five sons when they were a little older, and would also be "walking the streets."

Not but what the Scottish lads show an amazing amount of ingenuity and energy in the things they manage to do to occupy their time.

A number of youths construct motor boats for themselves, and race with them on the river. A boy of about eighteen explained to me, with much pride, how this was achieved. He and seven friends walked into Glasgow, a matter of nine or ten miles, daily; there they looked about for ways to earn a few pence.

Sometimes they were completely unsuccessful, and came home empty handed; generally, however, one or two of them managed to earn a few coppers, or even a shilling, one way or another, mostly, as he naïvely pointed out, "from foreigners." The Scottish people are a canny race, and not so easily parted from their "bawbees" as strangers.

Wasted skill

It took them weeks to collect the few necessary shillings to buy an old lifeboat that had once hung resplendent from the davits of a British-American liner. After that they were able to pick up odd bits of old machinery for almost nothing, until they had all that was necessary to assemble the motor.

Hours and hours of careful work were spent on turning the old hulk into a working motor boat; but it was done, and another fortnight's journeying to Glasgow enabled them to secure the paint and other trimmings necessary to turn her from a derelict lifeboat into a smart "speed boat."

There are a number of such boats running on the Clyde now, all obtained in much the same way, and the pleasure and pride the lads take in them makes one's heart ache to think that these boys, possessed of so much mechanical skill and ingenuity and capable of so much patient labour and hard work, all belong to the category—not of men who will *never work again*, but of men who will *never work at all* unless something is done to alter the scheme of things and give them a chance.

I talked to many of the older men, and their story was always much the same; rationalisation had deprived them of their living.

Slack trade has contributed, of course; but if to-morrow Britain were to return to her boom shipbuilding trade, there would still be many thousands of men who could not get jobs; they are permanently displaced by machinery.

This is, unfortunately, true in nearly all other trades. If the jute trade in Dundee were back to normal there would still be twelve thousand unemployed jute workers.

A jute worker, who had four sons between sixteen and twenty-two years of age, begged me, with tears in his eyes, to find some trade, *any trade, anywhere in the world*, where his boys could go and earn an honest living.

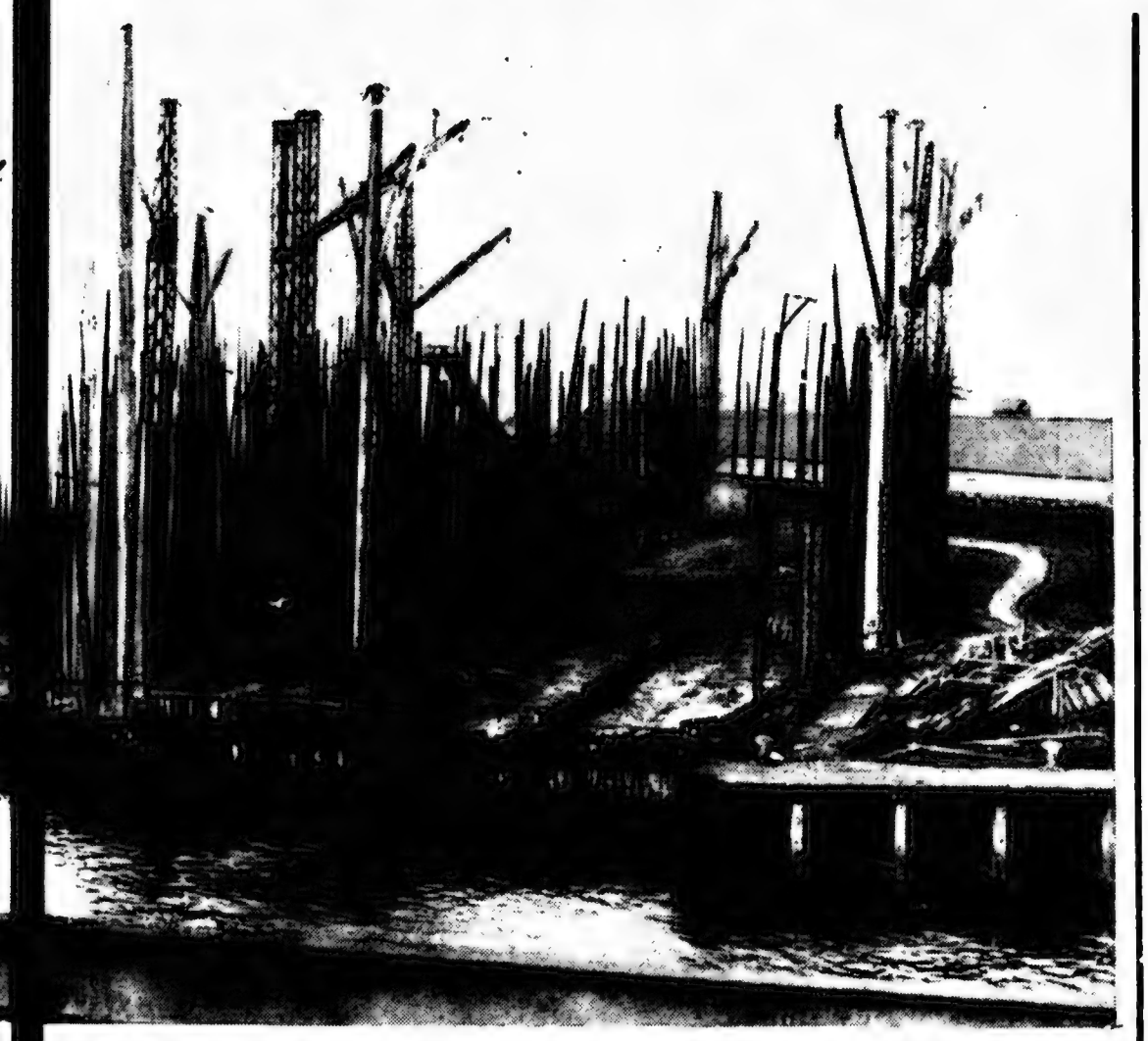
"They would be better dead than eating their hearts out with nothing to do, and nothing to look forward to, as they are now," he said.

Dread outlook

I have met so many parents, on my sad tour of the Distressed Areas, who have told me despairingly that there is nothing ahead but death, either for them or their children.

I finished my tour of the special areas in Scotland. It rained incessantly practically the whole time I was there, and I felt that the leaden, dripping skies reflected the leaden despair and weeping eyes of all the

LES of the CLYDE



"I felt I had passed through a horrid nightmare of some plague-stricken spot. But it was no dream . . ."

people I had visited in the devastated areas, from South Wales to Scotland.

From Glasgow I went inland, through Midlothian. The rain had stopped that morning, and I passed through typically beautiful Scottish scenery, with the sun shining on the autumn foliage, and making the streams running down the hillsides shine like silver threads.

It seemed unbelievable that, in the midst of so much beauty, there could be sordid poverty and misery. But when I arrived at the villages round the shale pits I soon discovered that hunger and despair could rear their ugly heads just as effectively amidst beautiful surroundings.

Permanently out

Shale mining is a dying industry; the truth is that it is much cheaper to import petrol from oil wells abroad than to extract it from shale. Already, as a result of this, nearly three-quarters of the workers are permanently unemployed, and those who are still employed work three weeks and "play" the fourth.

Three villages, Bridgend, Kingscavil and Philipstown, provide homes for the mass of the shale workers of the area. These villages are tucked away in the mountains, miles from anywhere. As someone said to me, "They are a little hell on their own."

And, though the men and women I talked with did not express it in the same manner, they quite evidently felt the same way about it.

There are twelve thousand workers and their families living there, and between three and four thousand of these are working on the three-out-of-four-weeks system. All the others are completely and permanently idle.

There is no other industry, and so no chance of obtaining any other work. Poor Law relief or unemployment assistance provide all there is to be had in the way of income for eight thousand families.

Those who are working get an average wage of £2 to £2 5s. for three weeks each month, and standard Unemployment Benefit the fourth. The men themselves insisted upon this method of working in order to give work to an additional thousand men.

A number of the men have been out of work for five years, and I fear the others will all join the ranks of the unemployed before long, since shale mining is obviously an uneconomic industry.

Already three mines are shut and dismantled, and those who are working live in constant dread of the remaining ones closing down.

The scales of relief and unemployment assistance are terribly low, and it is impossible to get them supplemented for any reason.

T. T. has a wife and six children; all rather delicate. Their total income has been 38s. a week; out of this they have paid 2s. a week towards the support of a boy in a sanatorium. It costs them 2s. every time they go to see him, even if they go empty-handed; and, as the father said, "It's a hard thing to have to do. Every bairn expects a little something from his parents on visiting day when he's away sick."

It is true they only pay 3s. 4d. a week rent, but that is dear for the accommodation they get. Two small rooms and an attic above, called "our pneumonia garret," which is too damp for anyone to use.

The only fireplace is the grate in the kitchen, which is broken and "eats coal"; also its oven cannot be used at all. The whole place is very damp always; the only water there is that which runs down the walls and seeps through the wainscoting, which it does so constantly that slugs and snails creep in through the holes in the rotten woodwork.

This house is typical of these shale workers' cottages. The bulk of them are built on a similar principle; rows of attached cottages with a mud road in between.

In the middle of this "street" is a row of low sheds; these contain the coal cellars and a couple of earth closets for all the cottages in that street. These are all not merely damp, but frankly ringing *wet* all the time.

Outside them the mud and sewage runs along the middle of the streets where the children play.

In hot weather the windows of the houses cannot be opened because of the smell from the street. One tap, also in the middle, provides water for all the cottages. Residents told me that *no repairs have been done to the houses for fifty years*!

Ail or jail

In these places the men and women are born, and there they live and die—leaving their children to carry on in the same conditions.

H. K.'s wife is in a mental institution. He has been unemployed for five years. He could not make both ends meet. His boy and girl were both ailing, and he feared the girl would "go like her mother." So he did a little boot repairing, but he was found out, and threatened with imprisonment.

However, they let him off on condition he paid back what he had earned, at the rate of 2s. a week, out of the 22s. he was receiving for himself and two children. Now he dare not do any work in case of being found out, and it is useless to cobble shoes and disclose the fact, because nearly all his meagre earnings would be deducted from his unemployment assistance, and by the time he had paid for his materials, etc., he would be, if anything, worse off.

The cruelty of a system which makes it impossible for people to live without risking imprisonment is beyond words.

The unemployed are all condemned to a mere existence of ill-health and loss of strength on penalty of severe punishment, although everyone *knows* that conditions are such that the men who have been out of work for some time become, in a great number of instances, too weak to do a job when they get one; and their children, by lack of nourishment, are condemned to ill-health and impaired constitutions, often for life.

The nadir

What is the future for men like H. K. and their families? Inevitable breakdown, mental or physical, or both, sooner or later.

In Scotland the relief rates seem, on the whole, to be even lower than in England. Some of the houses are even worse than similar ones in England—no! on second thoughts I do not think that is possible; in both cases it is as bad as it can be!

There is no more hope of work for the mass of the unemployed than in the English and Welsh distressed areas, *and there could not be less.*

It is more difficult to get the people to talk about their troubles in Scotland—or, perhaps, I found it so only because I was a "foreigner"—but their eyes tell the same story of despair as their workless brothers in the South.

In some homes I visited they did talk; their troubles seemed, as it were, to be torn from their breasts by the anguish they were enduring.

Father's tale

In one place there was a young man of twenty-seven who had been out of work for five years. He lived with his wife and child in a hovel—no other word would describe it. They had just the one, a little girl of six, and when I got there she was gasping her little life away with pneumonia.

She lay on what I will, by courtesy, call the "bed"—in reality it was a mattress covered with clean rags and newspapers. The room was full of smoke, and very cold; the mother was sitting on the side of the bed holding the child, and endeavouring to get her to take a sip of tea.

The father was pacing up and down the tiny, bare room they called "home," with his fists clenched and the tears pouring down his face.

When I came in, not knowing the terrible scene I was intruding upon, *he* talked.

He poured out a terrible story of the cruelty and misery of existence when you are out of work permanently, and starving. His only child was dying, unnecessarily he thought—and *I* thought—and he could do nothing.

He could get no work and no help.

Despair, despair — everywhere. Heartbreak and despair! We must not, we *cannot*, let the people of the Distressed Areas drown in their own misery. The needs of the people must come first.

CLEAN BICYCLE —DIRTY SHIRT
THOUGHT I'D CLEAN MY BIKE!
GOOD BOY— OH JACKY LOOK AT THAT SHIRT I'LL NEVER GET IT CLEAN
THOUGHT....
MRS. ADAMS SAID OXYDOL DID HER BOYS JERSEY THAT TIME HE HELPED IN A GARAGE!
OH, THIS IS WONDERFUL! THE GRIME IS JUST FLOATING OUT— AND THE OIL
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"John Bull" Readers' Stories — No. 150

He switched on the headlights and there in the rays stood two lions and a lioness

INTO DARKEST ABYSSINIA..

THE news that Italian troops in Abyssinia are engaged in road-making, rolling huge boulders from the line of march, clearing jungle and fording rivers through which motor transport must pass, reminds me forcibly of a time when, as a mining engineer, I penetrated that wild and rugged country at the tedious pace of half a mile an hour!

My form of transport was not one I would recommend, for, with a Dutch companion, whom I will call Hans, I was faced with the task of manœuvring a mechanical "navvy," or drag line, mounted on caterpillar wheels, and weighing nearly 20 tons, through 150 miles of jungle, across mountain ridges and through dense forest to the gold mines that were our goal.

The natives were not altogether hostile, but they were none too friendly, and, to make matters worse, they were warring among themselves. The only safeguard and security on which we could pin our faith was a document we carried in the name of the Emperor.

Our starting-point was a place called Gambeila, which consisted of a river and a trading-station.

The day we arrived, the 125th battle of Gambeila started a few miles up-stream, with the Galoes and Yamboes firing at each other across the river.

It was a fierce contest, yet it was settled by a European District Commissioner in true "Sanders of the River" style. Armed with a large white umbrella to protect him from the sun, he sailed up the river Barro in a canoe.

On his approaching the scene of the battle, which was now at its height, some savage warriors saw the canoe coming, and one of the paddlers shouted out the name of the D.C. The cry was passed on to each warrior, and such was the magic of the white man's name that both sides ceased fire and a truce was called, the warriors actually coming out of cover to present arms!

The District Commissioner told the chiefs to cease fighting and have their case heard properly. I do not know what the result was, as we had to move on.

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A FEW days after, on our long and tedious journey through the jungle, we had to cut down trees 40 ft. high to make bridges over the rivers, which was extremely hard work.

We passed through many villages, and crowds used to come out to see our grotesque machine, curiosity helping to subdue their fears. We were able to obtain milk, eggs, sheep and chickens in return for such things as empty kerosene tins, cigarette tins, empty bottles or jam jars or polished brass nuts and bolts, which were taken more readily than money.

One morning when we were just having our breakfast a few natives approached from the village a few yards away. On reaching our camp one of them doffed his large hat and threw back his cape to show off his armour, which was two belts of cartridges and a revolver. Behind him stood several men with old rusty rifles and spears. The leader said he had come to collect taxes for the firewood my labourers had taken from near-by trees. My labourers were lowlanders and these men were highlanders, and the two parties were always at war with each other. The tax-collector was most insistent.

But my Dutch companion, fortified by a breakfast of ten eggs and lots of coffee, produced our official document and declared that the firewood had been taken in the name of the Emperor. However, as the tax-collector was a very nice man, he added, he would give him an empty kerosene tin. This gift was gladly accepted, so we started to strike our camp.

But our troubles were not yet over. We were surrounded by natives trying to sell us milk and eggs, and one of our Yambo boys accidentally knocked a bottle of milk out of a small boy's hand, breaking it. The bottle, apparently, was worth more than the milk, for up went their tribal cry for help. Then, according to their custom, there was a clamour for justice. Court was held on the spot, and my Yambo boy was asked to hand over two thalers, which he did not possess, as it was equivalent to two weeks' wages.

I agreed to compensate the other boy to the value of his losses, which were less than half of what they were demanding. I said I would give empty bottles, tins or money, whichever they preferred, but this was flatly refused, and I could see that they wanted to extort money from us by threat.

I refused to have anything more to do with them, so I gave orders for work of striking camp to continue. This done, my Dutch companion started up the tractor, hitched on the trailer and started to move.

We had got about 100 yards when again the battle-cry went up. This time it was more fierce, and to my horror I saw about eighty men attacking my companion, hitting him over the head with spears and sticks and temporarily stunning him.

The tractor was running on and his boys were lying in the road bleeding from spear wounds. Not knowing the best course to adopt, I shouted from my post on the seat of the excavator, threatening to kill them all with the bucket of the drag line that was dangling from the boom.

This threat had great effect, as they all stopped beating up our boys, whereupon I urged the would-be tax-collector, who was hiding behind my excavator, to beg his villagers to go away in peace in the name of the Emperor, "Haile Selassie."

After much arguing and chattering between themselves, they decided to call a truce and have court proceedings later. By this time Hans, the Dutchman, had got his tractor under control, and, jumping down from his seat, he drew his revolver and threatened to shoot every native within range.

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HE was almost mad with rage. He was a very tall man, an ex-Guards officer and a crack revolver shot. I begged him not to start any more trouble, as we were greatly outnumbered, and many of the natives carried firearms.

Hans handed me his revolver and I held the natives at bay while he collected his wounded boys, got his tractor going and resumed his journey.

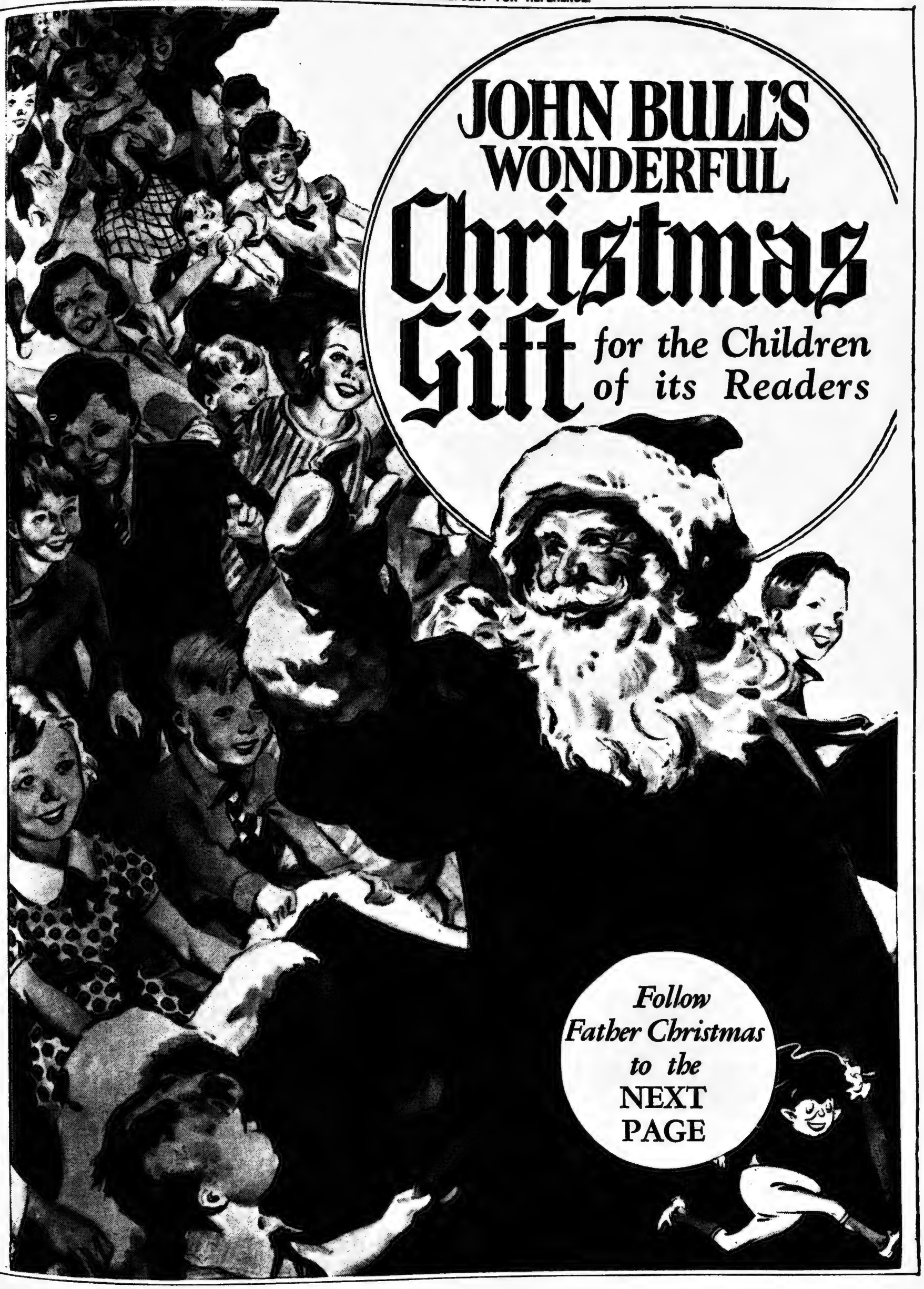
When he had got clear in his tractor I followed with the excavator, and its lumbering half-mile per hour had never seemed so slow! It was midday before I caught up with Hans. He was attending his wounded boys by a river, at the same time abusing the boy who was responsible for the milk bottle being broken.

Hans' temper was still none too good

(Continued on page 30)

PLEASE KEEP THIS CAREFULLY FOR REFERENCE.

JOHN BULL'S WONDERFUL Christmas Gift *for the Children of its Readers*



Follow Father Christmas to the NEXT PAGE

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THE MAMMOTH

AN ENTIRELY NEW WO

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on the spine in real 22-carat go
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768
LARGE PAGES

Christmas Gift for Boys and Girls

WONDER BOOK

A THRILLING CHRISTMAS SURPRISE FOR THE CHILDREN! Good news for all "John Bull" readers. This week "John Bull" gives every reader an opportunity to secure for the youngsters the biggest and most fascinating book of stories for children ever produced—a gigantic new treasury of wonder tales that will make every boy or girl jump with sheer joy! "THE MAMMOTH WONDER BOOK"—that is its title—and what an enthralling volume it is! This great book is something ENTIRELY NEW—specially prepared for this Christmas—it's well worth every penny of One Guinea—yet "John Bull" is inviting you to secure it as a Christmas Gift for a child you love for the amazing low Christmas Privilege Price of 2/6 plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc. But you can only get a copy by applying without delay.

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"The Mammoth Wonder Book" is now coming off the press and will be available for immediate dispatch to "John Bull"-readers. Supplies are strictly limited and there cannot be a reprint. Copies will be reserved and dispatched to applicants in strict rotation.

This Gift Book will be so popular, so sought after, that you must apply at once. Your Christmas Gift Token—**the only one you need**—is given on this page. Cut it out to-day and send it in at once, together with your Reservation Forms below. **Send no money with these forms**—simply reserve your volume immediately so that it can be set aside in your name and packed all ready for dispatch to your home.

This book is well worth making a noise about, but I am doing this to remind you that you've no time to lose if you want a copy.

DO YOU REMEMBER how thrilled you were when someone gave you a story book? Just imagine the delight of the children when they get this volume.

Grown-ups who want to make sure their children read nothing but the very best will see from the following that this book represents the very cream of Children's Story Writers. Here are just a few of them: **Hans Andersen, Louisa M. Alcott, J. J. Bell, Hilaire Belloc, Algernon Blackwood, Lewis Carroll, Charles Dickens, John Drinkwater, the Brothers Grimm, Bret Harte, Chas. and Mary Lamb, E. V. Lucas, Captain Marryat, Walter de la Mare, Alfred Noyes, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson, Stephen Southwold, W. B. Yeats.**

Great artists have made this book glow with life by their beautiful realistic drawings. There are over **200** drawings in all. The artists include such masters as **Harry Rountree, Heath Robinson, Anne Anderson, H. M. Brock, Margaret Tulloch, D. C. Eyles, Molly Brett, René Bull, Mildred Lamb, etc., etc.**

There are no children where I am, else I would come down and get this book myself.

Just look at the fascinating list of some of the contents below. Aren't these great stories just what you yourself would select for the children? Here is everything that makes boys and girls happy—the only collection of its kind—a book for Christmas time and any time.

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The Story of Hiawatha.
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The Wind's Tale.
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This Reservation Form MUST be received by NOT later than Saturday, November 23rd. J.B.16/11/35.

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THE FINEST OF ALL GIFT BOOKS

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For rich appetising meals use

SYMINGTON'S *Packet* SOUPS

Glorious soup with a home-made taste

...delicious too, as a tasty flavouring

15 Tempting Varieties

2D. & 5½D. PER PACKET

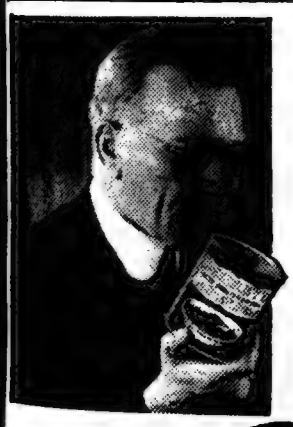
Also Clear Soup in 9d. bottles.

You enjoy the delicious flavours of rich Symington's Soups—you're thankful, too, for their heartening warmth. Now try using them as a flavouring—they make savoury dishes twice as tasty! Cottage Pie, illustrated here, is made from a new delicious recipe, just one of many, in the

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET

which you can get by sending 1½d. in stamps for postage to W. Symington & Company Ltd., Market Harborough.

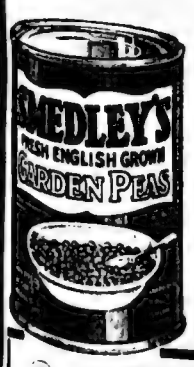
Tinned Soups: 8 Delicious Varieties, 5d. and 7½d. per tin.



S. W. Smedley, the father of English Canning

"They taste fresh because they are fresh"

Smedley's *have the secret* of imprisoning the delicate freshness of Garden Peas



Picked at the peak of perfection and canned within two hours—THAT is why you get such fresh summer flavour, such health-giving goodness in every tin of Smedley's Peas. Keep a stock in the kitchen and enjoy these delicious peas the whole year round.

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TRY THESE OTHER SMEDLEY DELICACIES.

Stringless Beans, New Potatoes, Spinach, Celery Hearts, Young Carrots, Maceduines.

Loganberries, Plums, Black Currants, Gooseberries, Damsons, Cherries, Blackberries, Strawberries, Raspberries, etc.

CANNED BY • SMEDLEY'S • WISBECH

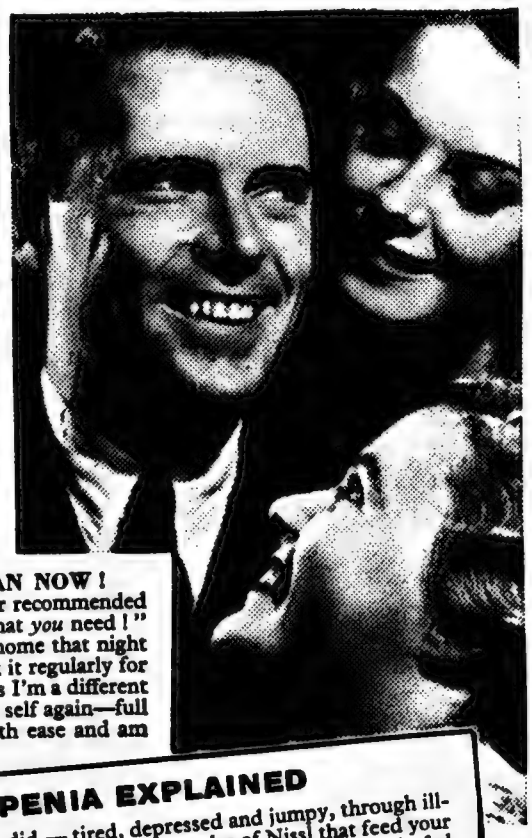
THE TIREDNESS THAT MAKES MEN LOSE JOBS *NEURO-PENIA*

(underfed nerves)

I KEPT FORGETTING THINGS. Never used to have anything the matter with me. But last year I got badly run-down through overwork. Tired-out and nervy for months. Couldn't concentrate. Couldn't remember facts and figures. Always tired, worried and irritable.

WORDS BETTER LEFT UNSAID. I must have been terrible to live with. Lost control of my temper over the slightest things. Couldn't sleep if there was a clock ticking anywhere. Said hasty words I regretted. My nerves were shot to pieces.

HAUNTED BY FEAR OF LOSING JOB. My work was suffering — was afraid of losing my job. One day my manager told me something. "I've been watching you," he said, "and I know what you're going through. I've felt like you. Take my advice and you'll soon pick up."



I'M A DIFFERENT MAN NOW! The manager said "My doctor recommended Hall's Wine for me. That's what *you* need!" I bought a bottle on the way home that night — and it was delicious! I took it regularly for a little while. Now my wife says I'm a different man to live with. I feel my old self again—full of strength. I do my work with ease and am really happy.

NEUROPENIA EXPLAINED

If you feel like this man did — tired, depressed and jumpy, through illness or overwork — that's because the tiny granules of Nissl that feed your nerves are all pale and shrivelled. This is known as Neuropenia (underfed nerves). Hall's Wine is specially prepared for this condition, from the formula of a well-known doctor. The first wineglassful pours new strength into you. Within a few days, your vitality is completely lifted up.

★ALL symptoms related above are typical of "Neuropenia" as shown by the records of a leading medical psychologist, based on hundreds of cases at a London hospital.

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU if Tired, Weak or Run-Down

Are you convalescing quickly? After Influenza or any serious illness you feel dreadfully tired. Hundreds of nurses and doctors take Hall's Wine to get back their strength quickly. For quick Convalescence take Hall's Wine 2 or 3 times a day. From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. (Also proprietors of the famous Keystone Wines.)

Startle your friends with these amazing TRICKS!

Baffling! Mystifying! Amusing! . . . Yet simple to perform. Fully explained in the marvellous

MASTER BOOK of MAGIC

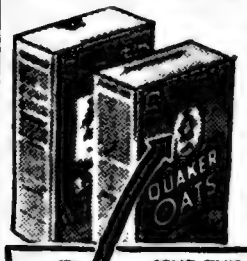
it's

-Free!

It's YOURS in exchange for the Quaker figures cut from the front of two packets of Quaker Oats (or Quick Quaker).

Written by J. C. Cannell, who was for 10 years Vice-President of the Magicians Club, this book will appeal to all who realize that the knack of being entertaining is the key to popularity. 35 magic tricks, fully described and so clearly illustrated that you will be amazed at the ease with which you master them. Then comes the real fun, when you can turn your new skill to amusing and baffling your family and friends! What could be a more ideal time than during Christmas gatherings! And think how many dull evenings can be relieved by putting on your act.

There's more to the book, too. You probably have often wondered how the great Houdini, wizard of all time in the arts of magic, performed his incredible feats . . . how he walked through a brick wall —was buried alive and lived to tell the tale — escaped from a riveted, sealed milk can full to the brim. These and other amazing feats are detailed to you in simple, dramatic language in the MASTER BOOK OF MAGIC.



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Post in 1½d. stamped, sealed envelope. Offer applies in Great Britain and N. Ireland, only. 216A

INTO DARKEST ABYSSINIA—*Continued from page 28*

Night Alarm

for he had a great lump on his forehead. I suggested we should stop for our mid-day meal, to which he readily agreed.

While our cook started to prepare our meal Hans and I went into the bushes to get into the shade. Hans was dressed in a shirt and shorts, with canvas shoes and no stockings.

We were sitting on an old fallen tree waiting for the cook's call, when suddenly Hans let out a yell of pain and leapt to his feet. Looking down I saw a snake slithering away. It was about 3 ft. long, but of a species unknown to me. As the nearest doctor was 100 miles away and Hans' tractor could only do 5 miles an hour, we had to depend upon rough and ready first aid, cauterising the bite with a piece of glowing wood from the camp fire.

Hans then drank all the available milk and I gave him coffee as well and told him to drink until he couldn't take any more.

After Hans had rested a little while, we thought it would be much better to keep moving to take his mind off his bruised head and snake-bite. It was about an hour before sunset when I caught him up again. He had pitched camp for the night, and his gang looked a pitiable crowd, with heads and arms all swathed in bloodstained bandages.

◇◇◇◇

HANS was resting on his camp bed in the tent, while my boy prepared my much-needed bath and the cook made some tea. I looked into his tent to see how he was getting on after his ordeal, and his body was all swollen and smothered with red spots, which no doubt was due to the snake bite.

The sun was now setting when our supply lorry arrived in camp with oil and stores. The driver, an Abyssinian, and a very blood-thirsty individual, who had stabbed a man a few weeks before, had shot two hartebeest, which were not unlike road antelope in size, but had big horns like deer.

As it was now dark we skinned and cut up the beasts by the head-lights of the lorry. Our cook chose what he wanted and we shared the remainder with our labourers.

Hans was still feeling the effects of the day's mishaps, so soon after dinner he turned in to sleep. I returned his revolver to him, for he always slept with it under his knee as it was easier to reach in emergency.

I sat round the camp fire and the boys round theirs, some cooking their meat, some eating it raw, while two Yambos squatted by playing their crudely-made musical instruments.

The lorry driver was telling the cook of his ambition to kill a lion and a buffalo, and saying how disappointed he was not being in the fight in the morning.

I looked round to make sure everything was all right and then turned in, telling my boy to sleep under the outer flap of my tent and to call me if he heard any noises. After loading my rifle and slipping on the safety catch I got into bed, and was soon asleep after a most strenuous and exciting day.

I must have been asleep some time when my boy awoke me saying there was somebody or something prowling around the camp. I told him to go to sleep, as maybe it was some panthers disturbing the monkeys in the trees.

I then laid still and listened for a few seconds, when the peculiar noise was heard again. Whispering to the boy that I was going to get up and look for the prowler, I pulled on one of my rubber wellington boots, and was just putting my foot into the other one when my bare toes touched something clammy.

Beads of sweat came out of my forehead, and I was helpless for the moment, being convinced that it was a snake. Then I remembered the bushman's rule for a snake in the boot, and stamped hard on the ground, holding my foot down tightly and calling my boy.

When he presently pulled off my boot and turned it upside down, out dropped a flattened bull frog! You can imagine my relief!

Telling the boy to proceed quietly as I didn't want a panic among our native labourers, I took my rifle and went in search of the prowler. I located [illegible] direction of the noise which was ab[illegible] of where the lorry was standing I [illegible] very quietly to the lorry, and was ab[illegible] to switch on the headlights when s[illegible] denly a revolver was placed against [illegible] head, and a harsh voice demanded [illegible] name. As I replied in a trembling v[illegible] I realised, again to my relief, that it [illegible] the lorry driver, who had been sleep[illegible] in the cab of the lorry.

I told him to get his rifle which [illegible] under the cushion. He then switched [illegible] the headlights, and there in the [illegible] stood two lions and a lioness, their e[illegible] shining like lamps. The lorry dr[illegible] took his rifle and fired immedia[illegible] killing the female. They were eating [illegible] remains of the hartebeest and [illegible] noise that had roused us had b[illegible] caused by the lions snapping and sn[illegible] ing at each other.

◇◇◇◇

BY the time the rest of the ca[illegible] was astir the two lions had [illegible] appeared into the jungle. Tafara, my lorry driver, was in ecst[illegible] having achieved his ambition, as [illegible] one who kills a lion or buffalo is a h[illegible] in Abyssinia. The skins go to [illegible] Emperor, who owns all the lions.

Hans opened a bottle of whisky [illegible] drink the health of Tafara, and [illegible] sumed it nearly all himself on the p[illegible] text that he thought it "good for sn[illegible] bite."

Many other queer experiences and [illegible] ventures befell us before we reached [illegible] destination, but the memory of th[illegible] crowded twenty-four hours, which be[illegible] with a tribal war and ended with t[illegible] lion-shooting episode, stands out m[illegible] vividly in my mind.

I am now safely back in England, a[illegible] I frankly admit that I don't much c[illegible] if I never see Abyssinia again!

"The Greatest of These—"

FIRE *in the* BACK ROOM

A FIRE-BELL has a thrilling sound, but there was no thrill for seven-year-old Patricia's family when they experienced a fire in their home early in October.

Patricia's father, after a prolonged period of unemployment partly due to attacks of malaria, which he contracted during the war, had just succeeded in getting a job. He had come home wearied out and was sleeping on the sofa.

His wife and four little children were round the table having tea, when a piece of coal shot from the fire on to the children's clothing which was airing on the fire-guard. Their flannelette nightdresses burst into flames, which quickly set fire to the hangings around the chimney-piece.

In the act of putting out the fire, Patricia's father's clothing was burnt. The ceiling collapsed on top of his head and the firemen who found him lying on the floor took him to hospital, where he has remained ever since in a critical condition. His lungs are affected, and from his waist downwards he is paralysed, due to shock.

Patricia's mother, who was suffering from shock, was also taken to the hospital. She is still under the doctor, as her eyes were affected by the smoke. Neighbours took the children in.

Patricia's home consists of two rooms. The fire occurred in the back room, which

Patricia . . .

is now uninhabitable. The furniture, including the sewing machine and their clothing, were destroyed either by fire or water. In consequence of the windows having gone, Patricia's six-months-old baby brother is now in hospital suffering from bronchitis and pneumonia.

Until the back room is repaired the mother and four children are crowded into the front room.

Patricia, who is a thin, fragile, gentle little girl, is also suffering from shock.

"Most of my small home has been badly damaged," says her mother, "and I am at my wits' end to know how to replace it, as I was uninsured. When my husband comes out of hospital he has no clothes to wear."

Patricia's mother has to keep herself and the four children, pay 13s. 6d. rent and find money for fares to visit her husband, on 30s. a week. Naturally she is worried to death as to how she will ever get straight. She and her husband are described as being "honest, hard-working and most respectable people."

Donations earmarked "Patricia," and for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the Office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Final Flutters

THE Derby Cup and November Han[illegible] cap at Manchester form the fi[illegible] big flutter on the Flat.

At one time fog, frost and sn[illegible] upset the Manchester race so often t[illegible] I advised backers to indulge in startin[illegible] price rather than ante-post doubles. [illegible] 1923, 1925 and 1926 the race was aba[illegible] doned.

However, our climate seems to ha[illegible] changed again, and since 1926 both ra[illegible] have been held on scheduled dates.

Although only twenty-two horses fr[illegible] an entry of seventy-six are left in t[illegible] Derby Cup, seven or eight of them, [illegible] cluding the useful Valerius, John Jam[illegible] Newtown Ford and Labour Member, ha[illegible] the double liability.

Most people seem to think that Cra[illegible] ley Wood is walking over for the Nove[illegible] ber Handicap, so it is likely that most [illegible] the doubly-engaged candidates will r[illegible] for the Cup.

My information is that Labour Mem[illegible] will be reserved for the Manchester ra[illegible] and I am taking Miss Paget's four-ye[illegible] old to beat the handicap "certainty" [illegible] Labour Member put up a fine sh[illegible] recently at Newbury and was running [illegible]

Woodstock is expected to recover [illegible] Cesarewitch losses in the Derby Cup. B[illegible] others make a bigger appeal. I feel th[illegible] the issue rests between Sir Caliore a[illegible] Tommack. The former may win [illegible] Manton.

At Lingfield this week-end make a m[illegible] of Penang, Love Dream gelding a[illegible] Trapper.

"SILVER RING'S" COD[illegible]

The Code for this week is as follow[illegible] It covers the racing from Thursd[illegible] November 14, to Wednesday, November [illegible]

R 98 T F O A P U X Z Q C 93 B 94 [illegible]

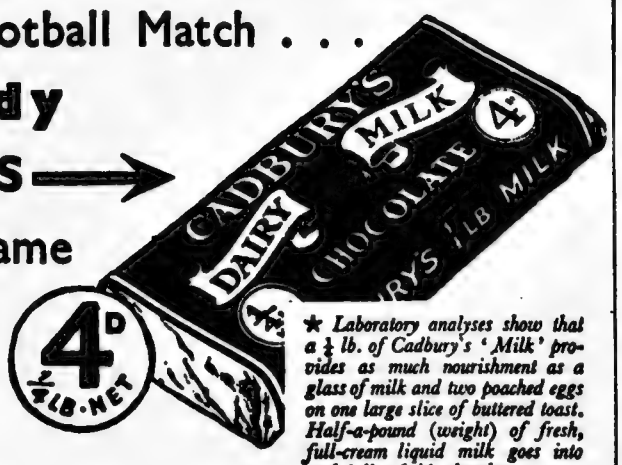
W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E [illegible]

In place of the letters or figures adve[illegible] tised in the *Sporting Li[illegible]* and *De[illegible] Herald* read those above or below, as t[illegible] case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in t[illegible] name of a horse the figure 2 is subst[illegible] tuted. VK9695KZ2 would read PATRA[illegible]

Nobody takes Milk and Poached Eggs to a Football Match . . . **Everybody** can take **THIS** ⟶ and get the same nourishment!



★ *Laboratory analyses show that a ¼ lb. of Cadbury's 'Milk' provides as much nourishment as a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast. Half-a-pound (weight) of fresh, full-cream liquid milk goes into each ¼ lb. of this chocolate.*

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE • *a most delicious food*

WE THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET MARRIED
NO, I CAN'T CONSENT TO YOU AND LUCY GETTING MARRIED JUST YET. YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL YOU'RE EARNING DOUBLE YOUR PRESENT SALARY
OH, DENNIS, DARLING, ISN'T THERE ANY WAY YOU CAN EARN MORE MONEY?
WELL, YOU KNOW, A FEW MONTHS AGO MY FIRM TALKED OF SENDING ME OUT AS HEAD OF THEIR CALCUTTA BRANCH. I'M STILL HOPING-
FRANKLY, WALKER, WE'RE NOT SO KEEN ON SENDING YOU TO INDIA AS WE WERE. YOU SEEM TO HAVE LET YOUR JOB GET ON TOP OF YOU LATELY. I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU— PERHAPS YOU SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR...
AT THE DOCTORS—
YOU GO TO BED EARLY, BUT YOU FEEL SLACK ALL DAY? M'M, YES, THAT MEANS YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM 'NIGHT-STARVATION.' YOUR BODY BURNS UP ENERGY EVEN DURING THE NIGHT, YOU KNOW. UNLESS THIS ENERGY IS REPLACED AS IT IS USED, YOUR SLEEP DOESN'T REST YOU PROPERLY, AND YOU WAKE UP STILL TIRED. HERE'S MY ADVICE...
AND SO AFTER TWO MONTHS
ARE YOU STILL TAKING YOUR HORLICK'S EVERY NIGHT, DEAR, AS THE DOCTOR SAID?
RATHER! IT'S GRAND STUFF— MAKES ME FEEL FINE. THE BOSS TELLS ME I'M WORKING MUCH BETTER, TOO. I'LL GET THAT INDIAN JOB YET!
LATER - BOAT TRAIN TO TILBURY
WELL, MRS. WALKER, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE MARRIED?
IT FEELS GRAND, DARLING!

ARE YOU SPOILING YOUR CHANCES THIS WAY?

If you arrive at work in the mornings feeling half asleep and seem apathetic and dull, this almost certainly means you are suffering from "Night-Starvation". Your body needs nourishment even while you sleep — it burns up energy all night long. If this is not replaced, naturally you wake up tired — "Night-Starved", with insufficient energy to face the day.

Horlick's taken regularly at bedtime guards against "Night-Starvation" — builds new stores of energy in your body while you sleep. You wake up feeling alert and vigorous in mind and body. Horlick's is light and easy to digest, and has a most fascinating taste. It is economical, too — the milk is in it, add water only. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY
WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY

FOR EMPIRE PUDDINGS AND CAKES USE "TURBAN" MIXED FRUIT 6½D A PACKET

CURRANTS SULTANAS RAISINS & PEEL

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :— All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

THE BEST WAY TO USE UP COLD MEAT

Cold meat is a very dull dish this sort of weather, and, really, there's no need for a thrifty housewife to serve it. The makers of Phillips Live Yeast have just introduced a wonderful new product called Betox Extract. It's very nourishing and has a delicious, meaty flavour. It's simply marvellous for adding flavour and richness to soups, stews, hashes and pies; in fact, any sort of meat or vegetable dish. It also makes a very appetising, sustaining beverage and forms a delicious sandwich spread.

Betox is a real money-saver, too. It costs only 6d. for a jar containing about 3 oz.

For gravy making, there's also Betox Gravy Powder, just as delicious, and so economical that a 3d. packet makes three pints of rich, fully flavoured gravy, simply by adding boiling water.

Do ask your grocer for Betox to-day. You'll be delighted with it. If any difficulty in obtaining from your usual grocer, please send us a postcard with his name and address and we will send you a free sample of Betox Gravy Powder. Phillips Yeast Products Ltd., Dept. 122, Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10.

never disagrees

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Drydex

TORCH BATTERIES

keep bright longer

IN ALL SIZES FROM EXIDE SERVICE STATIONS AND ALL GOOD DEALERS

That PEST —the Bully in Love

The bullying lover, bold enough in his unwanted attention, would probably prove to be a coward at heart, points out Philip Inman

IT is strange how one word can have two vastly different meanings. In America, so my dictionary says, a bully is a "sweetheart" or a "jovial, dashing fellow." But here the word denotes one who domineers by insolence or threats.

"Just bully" to an American means the romantic hero, the Ronald Colman.

"Just a bully" to us stands for a mean, despicable fellow—the villain of the piece.

And it is this latter type which confronts us in this article. Here, in my first problem, is a very unpleasant specimen:—

Ten years ago, when I was quite young (a wife writes), my husband went away with a woman some years older than himself and left me with two little boys, one four years old and the other six weeks. I obtained an order for desertion, but he never paid me, so I had to turn out and work to bring up my children.

About six years ago I met a man and he asked me to spend an evening with him in London. I thought that just for once it would not matter, as I was so sick of poverty and worry, and though I knew he was married, I could not see, after the way I had been treated, why I should care about any other woman.

If it had only stopped at that one meeting what a lot of misery it would have saved me. I met him once a week for some time, always away from home, but someone must have seen us together and told his wife. She came to my house and insulted me, and went about telling everybody what had happened.

In the end I couldn't bear it and decided to move into a different neighbourhood. I didn't tell a soul where I was going, and yet when I had been in my new house about a fortnight there was a knock at the door and when I opened it this man was standing there. Before I could recover from my surprise he was inside.

I begged him to leave me in peace for the sake of my boys, and I am terrified lest his wife finds out where I am. He knows how dearly I love my mother, and he threatens that if I give him up he will go to her and tell her all that has passed between us. I never want to see him again, as I have paid too dearly for my folly already. Will you please advise me what to do?

After her bitter experiences my correspondent can have little regard for the male sex. There have been two men in her life—and what men! Her husband deserted her when she needed him most; and the other is pestering her life out.

SHE tells me that she never wants to see this man again. Then he must be told that quite plainly. If he attempts to molest her she should consult a solicitor or inform the police. Stern measures are often necessary to deal with a bully of this kind.

"But he threatens to disclose the past to my mother," says this correspondent.

If he does he will only condemn himself. And he would not come out in a very good light. After all, there was some excuse for this woman. Betrayal and loneliness have sent many a one off the rails. But this man was far differently placed. He was, and presumably still is, living with his wife.

I don't believe for a minute that he will carry out his threat. But if he does, then my correspondent should tell her mother the whole story. She would understand—mothers always do. And I am sure she would give to her daughter that encouragement which will strengthen her resolve for the future.

Here is another man thrusting his unwelcome attentions upon a defenceless woman.

This girl writes:

I live alone at this little seaside town, where I am forced to stay owing to ill-health, and I have a small one-roomed bungalow.

When I came here six months ago, I managed to get a job as cashier in a picture house. The wages are small, but with careful planning I manage to pay my way.

The manager of the kinema is a middle-aged married man, with an invalid wife and a large family. During the last few weeks he has made advances to me, which I have resented very much. I threatened to report him to the company, but he only laughed, and said it would end with dismissal for me. I am dependent on my job, and if I lose it I don't know what I shall do.

So far I have managed to keep him at arm's length, but I am terribly afraid that one night he may follow me home. I thought of trying to find someone to share my room, but the place isn't big enough for two, and it is impossible for me to go into a local boarding-house as my wages are inadequate. I also thought of appealing to his wife, but she has enough to worry her as it is. What step less opportunity for him. He would never like others hearing of his practices. He has his employment and his family to consider. This girl will find protection by cultivating loyal friends.

WHAT can be done with a man who persists in taking out a married woman before her husband's eyes? This is my third letter:

A neighbour of ours (writes this correspondent), a married man with two children, used to visit us once or twice every week, but we had a quarrel and he stopped coming. Recently he has had some money left him and has bought a car, and until I objected he used to take my wife out for joy-rides.

A few weeks ago my wife with my son went to her old home for a holiday. I joined them unexpectedly, and to my surprise I found this man there with his car. There was a terrible row and my wife promised not to see him again, but she has not kept her word.

This man seems to have some influence over her, and as things are going it looks as if our home will be broken up. I do not think she loves him, but just that he is able to give her a good time.

There can be only two explanations of this man's conduct. He has either allowed himself to become infatuated by the woman or is adopting a mean way of paying my correspondent out.

But it takes two to make an intrigue and the wife seems to be just as much to blame. Apart from everything else she is grossly disloyal in accepting pleasures from one with whom her husband has quarrelled.

I think she should be warned that if this association continues it may result in the breaking up of her home. That should bring her to her senses.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

RUB *colds away*
WITH
Mistol Rub

When you're feeling miserable with a cold in the chest, try rubbing some of the New Mistol Rub on your chest and throat. It penetrates and stimulates with its comforting glow, and causes the congestion to loosen up at once.

Mistol Rub has a new scientific base which permits the soothing ingredients to get to work immediately, and enables you to throw your cold off in the shortest possible time. Mistol Rub is ideal for children, and does not soil clothing.

TWO SIZES 1/- and 1/9

FOR HEAD COLDS, OF COURSE, USE Mistol Drops

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

WESTERN GAZETTE:—"This was 20 in excess of the EATING capacity of the 'bus."

CORK EXAMINER:—"Both suffered injuries and will be on the SOCK list for a month."

LEICESTER MERCURY:—"The car was going down the Newarkes when it skidded and CASHED into a tree."

SUNDAY GRAPHIC:—"The aeroplane was piloted by FRIGHT-Lieutenant ———."

THE COUNTRY PRESS, STOURBRIDGE:—"The bride was attired in a dress of ivory crepe, with veil and CORONER of orange blossom."

LEIGH CHRONICLE:—"The bridal VEIL was composed of red roses."

DERBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"The work is TALKING longer than expected."

NORTHERN WHIG, BELFAST:—"... we could purchase a quarter of a million rifles and TONS of millions of cartridges."

THE EVENING GAZETTE:—"... two pleasure steamers PLAYING on the Seine were involved in a collision."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"The wind, which was very strong, bothered him greatly, the GUESTS pushing the car round as if it were on ice."

"My Ill-Health kept us in POVERTY"

—a beautiful artist's model tells how she overcame a sickness which drove her husband into debt and despair.

Being an artist's model, my face and figure were the toast of London several years ago. I could have married a rich man but didn't. I waited until David spoke the words I wanted to hear with all my heart. After the wedding he told me the woman's place was in the home. It was just as well. The gruelling work and nervous strain of posing had undermined my health. A reaction set in and I suffered a complete breakdown.

From bad to worse

Everything seemed to go all wrong with me. Nerves, digestive troubles, miserable headaches and spells of nausea. On top of it all I came down with appendicitis and had to have an operation.

David was desperate trying to pay the doctors' bills and make ends meet. Instead of regaining my strength after the surgical ordeal, I lost more weight. I was no more than a pitiful rack of skin and bone.

A ray of Hope

Then one day a tiny beam of sunlight crept into our lives. David's Aunt Alice from Cornwall came to spend the week with us. She was such a cheerful soul. "Child," she said, "you're going to get well." I smiled feebly. "I mean it," she insisted, holding up a bottle.

I asked what it was and she told me Wincarnis. "You should have been taking this tonic wine long ago," she continued. "Unless I am mistaken your trouble is anæmia, a weakened condition of the blood. Wincarnis will build new red corpuscles in your blood stream. Its beef extract, its malt and the benefits of rich red wine will send new vitality flooding through your veins. You'll be your old cheerful self in no time.

Health Re-born

I drank the ruby coloured wine. Its mild bouquet pleased my taste. It sent a warming glow stealing through my body. I felt better, my appetite improved and I began to eat substantial foods with zest. I watched the scales from day to day. I picked up weight. Excitedly I noticed that colour was creeping back into my cheeks. Within a month I felt and looked my old self again.

To-day I am back working as a model, as much sought after by artists as ever. David and I have paid all our debts, but I doubt if I'll ever find a way to pay the greatest debt of all—my debt to Wincarnis.

Give Wincarnis a trial; it's free

Thousands of women suffer from some form of debility or other. If your nerves jangle easily; if your head aches often and nervous pains shoot through your body; if you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, give Wincarnis a trial. Give the combined benefits of the beef, malt, and rich red wine in this fine tonic the chance to build up strong red corpuscles in your blood. You're only as young as your blood, because young blood is the sap of life. When you buy make sure you get genuine Wincarnis, and not a cheap or ineffective substitute. On sale at all wine merchants, licensed chemists and grocers, two sizes, 5/6d. and 3/3d.

"To-day I am back at my modelling . . . as much in demand as ever"

This story was suggested by testimonials in our files. Names and places have been altered out of courtesy to our friends who have been kind enough to write to us about their wonderful experiences with Wincarnis.

—POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE—

To: Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 3-R, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

I enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me a free sample of Wincarnis.

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ADDRESS .....

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Those who radiate sunny health are the people who get on—both in business and socially. You shouldn't look and act as though all the worries of the world were on your shoulders. Usually it is common constipation that makes people dull and dispirited.

More "bulk" in your diet will soon overcome constipation. No need to use pills or drugs. And in Kellogg's ALL-BRAN you will find a pleasant way to get that bulk.

The "bulk" in it gently exercises the intestines and the Vitamin B in it purifies and enriches the blood. Get rid of the poisons and wastes in your body and *you'll* soon be radiating sunny health.

Eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily with cold milk or cream. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers.

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CONSTIPATION

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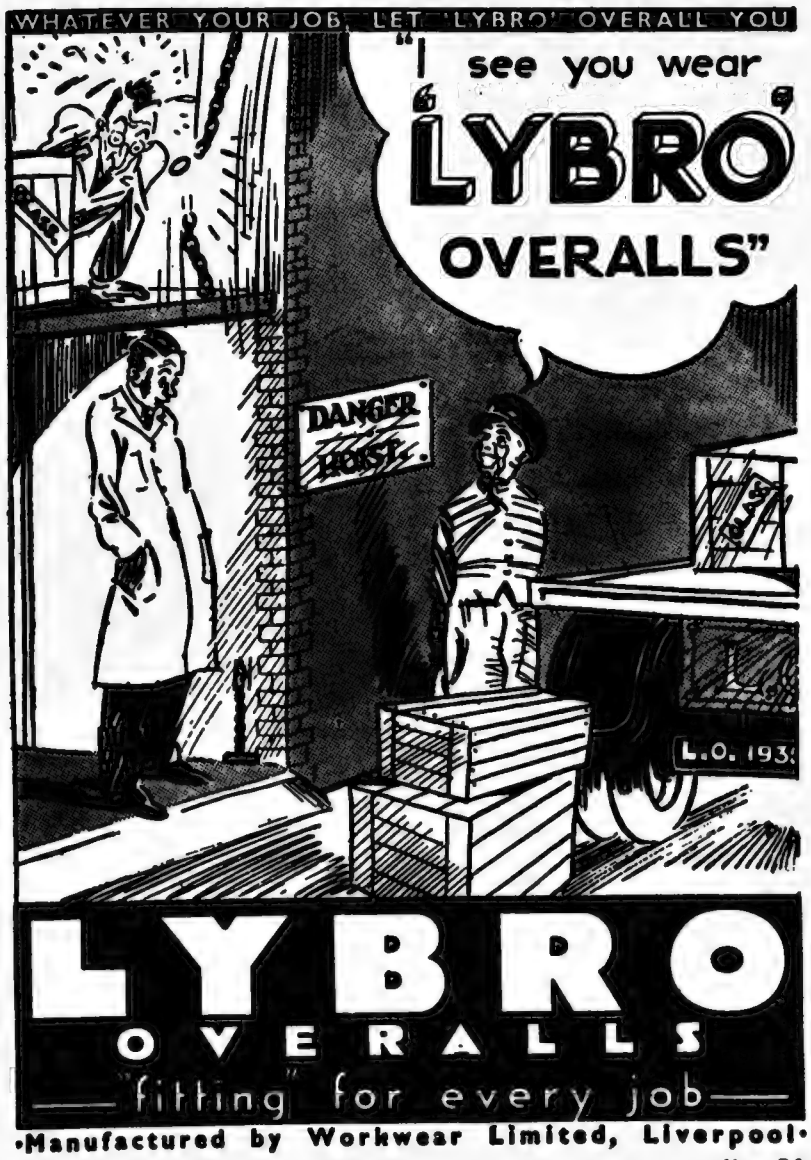

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The smart set

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The Set illustrated is the *No. 4 Travelling Set*, in red and black mottled folding case. Contains Gillette razor of latest pattern, together with five electrically-tempered Blue Gillette Blades, two plated sheaths, and two tubes containing shaving brush and soap 12/6

Other sets from 2/6 to 35/-

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Genasprin is invaluable for checking a Cold. Two Genasprin tablets taken at once and two more on retiring, will speedily reduce temperature and relieve aching limbs. The antiseptic properties of Genasprin combat the disease germs of Colds and Influenza. Genasprin has no harmful effect on digestion or heart.

From all Chemists.

War Baby BUNK

"All young people look to the future. The 'war-babies' see the present not as a torch to be handed on, but as a mass of ruins"

by Ellen Wilkinson

WE live in a sloganised world. A telling phrase is made into a label, casually stuck on to people, assumed to explain everything. No thought is given to the harm that may be done to sensitive minds.

Usually it is the young folk who suffer . . those who haven't grown the thick, rubbery skins without which it seems impossible to remain unhurt in this thoughtless world.

Take that phrase "War Babies" as an example, which is now some twenty years old An invention of the Great War, coined partly in pity, carrying even then a sting that was not too kind.

Now those "war babies" have grown up . . . but the phrase still sticks, often with the sting attached.

Sometimes the barb is deliberate. The older generation needs its retort. It hates to be called "pre-war," which, as said by the young, means "complete back number." The arrow has to be tossed back . . . slightly poisoned.

Sometimes it is the heavy-handed but well-intentioned folk who do the damage. Their kindly meant sympathy rouses their sons and daughters or nephews and nieces to fury.

"I WISH there was some means of convincing my guardian that I haven't got an inferiority complex, and am not likely to acquire one. That I am neither a pervert, nor a drug addict, nor a drunkard. He seems determined to shield me from vices I hardly know the names of, simply because I was born during the war!" . . . The old-fashioned guardian and his wife treated his young ward as though he must somehow be a semi-invalid, though actually he was a strapping young cricketer.

One of our best-selling novelists recently began an article with "This younger generation of ours was born amid the sounds of war," and then went on to assume that, therefore, they must be a rather inferior lot, who, poor things, cannot in justice be held really responsible for what they may do.

This is one of those accepted attitudes, those lazy labels, that need firmly debunking.

Another telling phrase, "the doomed generation," did its deadly work among those of us who were just growing up when the war began. When the war ended—well, we had gone through a lot. Only dimly now can we recollect how utterly stale everything seemed in 1919.

So that phrase was used to excuse everything the rackety ones wanted to do—the endless cocktails, the petting parties, the slackness of mind and body, as of elastic that had been stretched too far. But at least the phrase did mean something. Our youth had been doomed. There was not one of us to whom the war had not meant tragedy—to many, wreck.

And though most of us pulled ourselves together somehow, and got on with the jobs there were to do, we knew in our own nerves and emptied lives what "doomed generation" meant, and we showed it in the pity and tolerance we felt for those who went slack and who could not pull round.

But this grim experience is just what the "war babies" fortunately lack. Of all the people alive to-day, they are the ones who, in the ordinary course of Nature, felt the war least of all.

Expert psychologists are pushing the age of experience further and further back, but really there is a lot of cant talked about what a very young baby actually takes in of adult experience and emotion.

I heard a doctor at a recent conference give it as his opinion that the difficulties of the modern age were largely due to the fact that a generation was reaching adult years that had been seriously underfed or wrongly fed because of war difficulties in their crucial early years.

GREAT specialist though that doctor be, I think he would have difficulty in proving a case, apart from expressing a prejudice.

It is not a pleasant thing to say, but it is undoubtedly true that the majority of Britain's babies were better fed and cared for during the war than they have been in times of peace before or since. With older children working on munitions, and the mother with her separation allowance, the food standard was undoubtedly higher, despite rationing, than it is to-day in homes where the whole family is on the "dole" or, still worse, on the Means Test.

National pessimists, the sort of people who seem to exist in order to be interviewed by Pressmen, and who are described as "eminent" because they produce the expected platitudes, shake grave heads over the hooliganism of the young of to-day, which they attribute to the lack of control in homes where the father was killed during the war.

That there is an increase of hooliganism cannot be disputed . . court records prove it. But social workers with very wide experience doubt whether the loss of a father in the home is as disastrous to the discipline of the home as a father who is present but who is in the inferior position of being unemployed, often actually dependent on his earning children.

On the other hand, the tale has not yet been told of the young mothers who lost their men in the war, and who, realising what that might mean to their children, set themselves definitely and conscientiously to be father and mother in one.

"The war babies grow up to a world of unemployment . . . a land where there is no hope. That is true of many countries. Is it of this?

THE tragedy of those who came back from the war . . they had not finished with it. Then came the awful process, called with grim humour "getting back to normal," deflation, and all the unemployment caused by that mistaken policy.

But while this readjustment was going on the "war babies" were at school. They became adolescent as the pendulum swung the other way. Examinations for the Civil Service, closed for years, reopened again. A new generation was wanted in office and factory. Those who had waited for this moment were too old. The "war babies" were just ready.

So I cannot see why we should be pessimistic about the children born during the war. Humanity do not miss what they have never had. The children born into a world of insecurity and changing standards are conditioned to it.

We, in whose early youth the world seemed a stable thing, are always liable to think back, to talk of 1913 though it were a golden age.

The "war babies" are a generation without a past. A thick red line is ruled across the page of history before they started to write their names.

I notice a curious difference between their outlook and those of my day. We were in revolt against a past that had been successful, against parents who had made good—and who did not forget to rub it in.

But these youngsters of eighteen or twenty have an apologetic generation behind them. "We made a mess of things," say their elders. "It is up to you to do better."

All young people, in any period, look forward to the future. It is the characteristic of the 1914-18 class that it sees the present, not as a torch already alight that has to be handed on, but as a mass of ruins, which they have the responsibility to clear, and thereon build something new.

And if any reader thinks that this article contains any approval of war, or appreciation of anything that it has brought, then he cannot have realised the tragedy of the people who could organise for war, but who failed to organise as well for peace.

Nor can he be of the generation that knows that unless this new life does the job better than we did, there is no hope left in the world.

To slander the present generation as neurotic "war babies" is to betray the only hope there is for the future of mankind.

Woman's Fair

A new era in woman's journalism is ushered in by the December issue of the enlarged and replanned *Woman's Fair*.

The issue contains a complete beauty course, and Christine Jope-Slade introduces a remarkable new feature—"Your Personality"—which deals with every aspect of a woman's psychological problems.

Naomi Mitchison, in an article on "Sex and the Modern Girl," exposes many sex shams. Prunella Stack, leader of the League of Health and Beauty, hoists her banner in the health and beauty section, and Gladys Mann makes dieting as easy as A.B.C.—and as safe.

Faith Baldwin begins a great new novel, "Strangers in Love," Madeleine Carroll discusses the most beautiful women she knows, and there are pages of stories and fascinating features. Last but not least there is a fashion and a pattern service.

The 100 sparkling pages are amazing value for 6d. Order your copy to-day. It's out on Thursday, November 21

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

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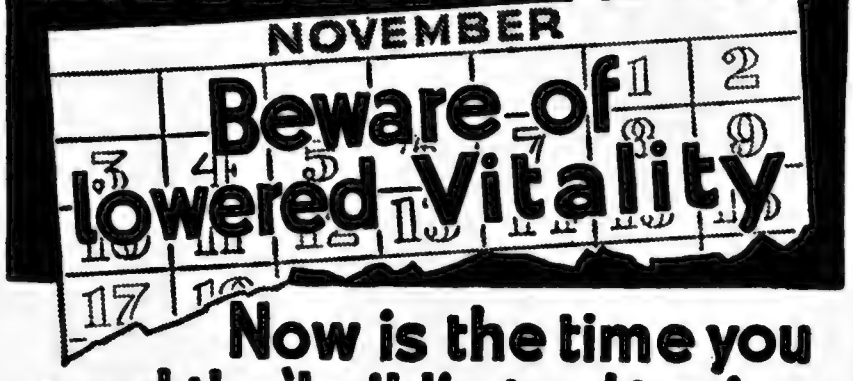
Nervous and Run-down



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If you are run-down from overwork, anxiety, illness, if your appetite and digestion are impaired and your nervous system in need of a tonic, no treatment will give such all-round good results as a course of Angiers Brand Emulsion. It promotes appetite, soothes and strengthens the organs of digestion, overcomes nervous depression, and builds up health and strength. It is a standard remedy of proved value and is strongly recommended by the Medical Profession for both adults and children.

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(Signed)——, M.B., Ch.B.

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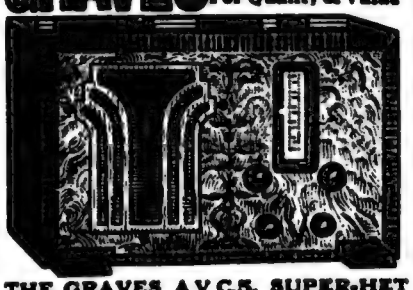

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No person need have such ugly blemishes now. This new skin-making discovery in Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour) penetrates, dissolves deep pore dirt and blackheads so that they fall away. It soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores; whitens and beautifies the darkest, roughest skin and gives an indescribable youth-like skin and complexion obtained no other way, in only three days' time! Any good pharmacist will tell you so.

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"I feel I must write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from Famel Syrup. I am constantly broadcasting, and being subject to Bronchitis I have to take care of my voice. Some years ago I had a very bad attack and a nurse recommended Famel Syrup to me. After two doses I was completely free of trouble. Since then as soon as I feel at all tight on the chest I have one or two doses and it is quite gone. I have told several friends who all swear by it, and I am never without it in my dressing room. I am delighted to let everyone know what a wonderful thing it is."

Miriam F . . ., Osterley.

It is good — very good — to know of something that will quickly and definitely clear up stubborn cases of chronic bronchitis, colds and coughs. But to *know* it, is not nearly enough, you must be ready — you must have a bottle of Famel Syrup in the house now. For it is even easier still to kill a cough while it is young. A cough that has been neglected—a cough that has taken a long lease on your lungs and throat—may need two or even three bottles of Famel Syrup before the soluble Lactocreosote destroys *all* the germs. But if you are prepared—if you always have Famel Syrup handy—two or three doses should be enough not simply to ease the irritation of the throat but to remove the cause of the cough. Be warned! Be wise! Do as the broadcasting experts do and always have Famel Syrup by you.

Famel Syrup is a recognised scientific preparation used in hospitals and sanatoria all over the world and recommended in famous medical papers. It is safe, reliable and gets to the *root* of your cough.

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He's Now the PROBLEM in BLUE!

EVERYONE says he's a splendid fellow, but that's no excuse for burdening him with new and extraneous duties

BRITAIN has outgrown its police organisation and the "man in blue" has become the problem in blue. What ought to be done about it?

This statement and this question are being discussed very seriously to-day by police authorities everywhere, and by the Home Office, as it becomes increasingly obvious that a really extensive and national measure of police reorganisa- will have to be undertaken during the next few years.

At the present moment a census of police duties is being made throughout the country. In London, for example, 19,000 policemen are filling up forms showing how much of their time is spent in traffic duties, making out reports and returns, and how much remains for their real work of preventing and detecting crime.

The same questions are being answered by policemen all over the land—in industrial cities, in remote Scottish villages, in Welsh valleys.

Exactly what figures this census will produce no one knows. But the Home Office does know that new extraneous duties crowd on to the police each year in an alarming fashion. It grows more and more difficult for the police forces of Britain to concentrate on crime, so hampered are they by other work.

In consequence there is a tendency for the size of police forces, and their cost, to increase rapidly. Last March Sir John Gilmour, then Home Secretary, admitted the need for more police, saying he was "ready to consider any application that police forces might make for the necessary increase in strength."

HERE is a little list of forces which, among others, have been officially increased in strength during the last two years: Essex, Hull, Cheshire, Gloucestershire, Paisley, Southport, Lancashire, Yorkshire (West Riding), Swansea, Newport (Mon.), and Glasgow.

In the same period traffic lights have been installed at thousands of busy crossings throughout the country, thereby releasing policemen for their work as human signal posts

Naturally extra police cost more money. The latest Civil Estimates showed that the police for England and Wales cost £11,147,041, an increase of £517,000 over the previous annual figure. For Scotland the cost was £1,124,488, an increase of £20,011.

Of course, not all this money was spent on increased personnel. The police are getting much more expensive nowadays. They need radio transmitting stations mobile radio cars, police boxes with 'phones in them, laboratories for detective work, and even—in a few cases—aeroplanes.

But in spite of all the increases in cost and personnel, crime statistics go up—not down. Especially is this true of housebreaking, burglary and other forms of theft. During the three months ending January 31 last there were, for example, 3,085 cases of housebreaking in the Metropolitan Police area alone, of which 2,673 remain unsolved.

Attempting to concentrate his men on crime, Lord Trenchard has lately withdrawn them from work on greyhound racing tracks, which will now have to keep order themselves on their own premises, although police will, of course, be available in cases of serious disturbance. This will release hundreds of men for night duty. It is a step which provincial police chiefs are going to follow.

But policemen still superintend the crowds at football matches, race meetings, sporting fixtures of all kinds. Literally, hundreds of thousands of policemen-hours are wasted each week on such duty. Is it really necessary? Could a corps of ex-Service men be organised, who would specialise in keeping order at such fixtures? Would there be enough work for such a body? Would such a body look after the public as well as the police do on such occasions? Could it be directed and used as a strike-breaking or repressive force against public liberty in times of crisis? Could it be recruited from the special police and so be kept inside police organisation and traditions?

All these questions want careful thought on your part, because the organisation of such bodies, perhaps under semi-public control, will be proposed in the near future.

Two hundred and fifty new offences have been created by laws regulating motor traffic. The police strength "is taxed to its absolute limit" by that administration, declared Major-General Sir Llewelyn Atcherley, H.M. Inspector of Constabulary, in his report for 1934.

CAN this strain on the police be eased by creating a special traffic police, paid for not by the local rates, but by the Road Fund? Would a cross between a motor-cycling constable and an A.A. patrol solve the problem?

Think it all out for yourself.

But these are not the only plans which the Home Office is turning over for making the policeman's lot a happier one. The old, old question of amalgamating the smaller local police forces is again under discussion.

Such amalgamations have been recommended again and again by various committees. In the case of the tiniest forces they are obviously desirable with a view to efficiency. But do we really want our police merged into larger units?

Are not our present local police forces, controlled by county councils and watch committees, most valuable guardians of local liberties? Isn't local control one safeguard that local needs and ideas will be considered? Could not a centrally controlled gendarmerie become a very grave danger to our civil liberties in easily imagined circumstances? Would it not inevitably be controlled by ex-generals? Would it not grow militarised inevitably?

More questions for you to consider—very pertinent ones, too. Because th "one national police force for the whol country" idea is the special pet of man high officials. They can see it enhanc ing their own power, importance an position.

Subsidiary to this idea, but attached t it, is the proposal to leave full contr of the uniformed police in local hand and set up one national centralise C.I.D. to deal with crime.

ONCE the whole business of lookin after all serious crime was place in the hands of a national C.I.D the local police would be released for a the duties which would bring them contact with the normal law-abidin citizen. They would be able to carry o their traffic work adequately, they woul be able to devote proper attention to t their many tasks connected with schoo children, animals, markets, shops, e ployment, public health and publi entertainments. They would grow closer touch with the citizens who em ploy them, mutual confidence and estee would be redoubled.

On the other hand, a national C.I.D would naturally absorb all local detec tive branches. It would not be a remot soulless machine quite out of touch wit local sympathies and needs. It woul be ten times more efficient than loc detective forces can ever be, even whe aided, as they are now, by the consul tative resources of Scotland Yard.

Perhaps this last plan to solve th police difficulty looks the most hopeful

Anyhow, there is a way out in o of these plans, probably, or in a com bination of several of them. Their po sible disadvantages have been pointe out here. That is quite necessary, b cause you, as a citizen, will certainl have to face up to police reform, an make some decision about it during th next few years.

SHOPS AND SHOPPERS

THESE are great days for shopkeepers and shoppers. Thousands of retailers all over the country have applied for entry material to enable them to compete in JOHN BULL'S third great National Window Display Contest. If you are one of them and have not yet made a display you should do so at once.

Shopkeepers who have NOT already entered must hurry now if they wish to make their bid for the colossal cash prize of £1,000. Full details will be sent on application to: JOHN BULL Window Display Contest, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Shoppers are reminded that there is a prize of £100 for the best advertisement slogan of not more than twelve words relating to any product featured in a display marked with a JOHN BULL Window Display Contest sign between October and December 31. Entry forms can be obtained at the shops where you see the sign.

A selection of the slogans sent in will be published each week in JOHN BULL, the sender of each receiving £1.

Here are the winning slogans for last week:

ASPRO: *"In this land of coughs and chills, 'Aspro' checks the doctor's bills."—Mrs. F. Symonds, "The Firs," Tiversha Cambs.*

GILBEY'S "ONE ON" COCKTAIL: *"'One On' gives you a 'favourite' at the right price."—Miss G. E. Paul, 19, Beechwood Road, Hilsea, Portsmouth.*

More slogans next week.

There are ordinary shags and there is Afrikander Shag... right out of the rut by virtue of its flavour, its mildness—and its *downright dependability.*

Afrikander SHAG

8D AN OZ

also MIXTURE *or* FLAKE

In ½ and 1 oz. packets

"IT SAVES & SATISFIES"

It's the

OLIVE OIL in Palmolive

that provides a three-fold beauty treatment

There's not a kinder, gentler, *better* soap made for your skin than Palmolive. Because Palmolive is an *olive oil soap*, made *only* from a secret blending of Palm and Olive oils: the finest natural cleansing oils known. And the generous, fragrant lather of Palmolive due to these beneficent oils, affords just that *natural cleansing* which 20,000 beauty specialists have described as the best possible beauty treatment for preserving a youthful skin. That's because the Palmolive *olive oil* lather cleanses so deeply... yet so gently that it cannot possibly harm or irritate. Palmolive helps the most delicate skin to glow and bloom with the lovely freshness of "that Schoolgirl Complexion."

3d per tablet

SUFFERED 7 YEARS WITH HER STOMACH

Pain Eased in a Few Days

For seven long years Mrs. Mary Elliott, of Glasgow, suffered with stomach trouble. She tried practically every remedy on the market—spent pounds without avail. Yet, after all those years of suffering, she found a remedy which relieved her pain in a few days—a remedy which is inexpensive too. Here is her grateful letter:—

"For the past seven years I have suffered from severe stomach trouble. I have tried practically every remedy on the market and must have spent pounds on doctors' fees. Nothing seemed to help me or alleviate the pain in the slightest degree. I was shown a bottle of your product and advised to use it. In the first few days I felt much easier. In a week I was practically free from pain and discomfort . . . and I can honestly say that I have never had an hour's pain since.

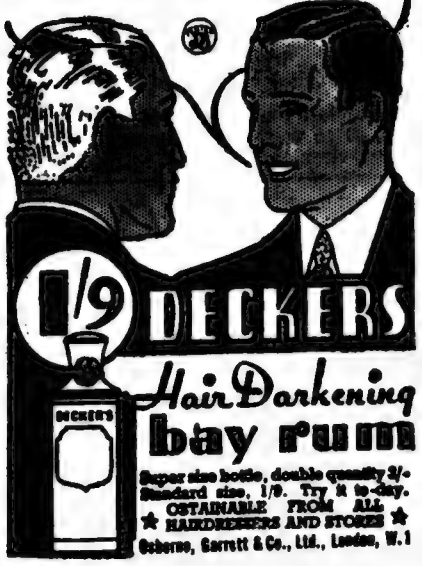
If you, too, would know this blessed relief from your stomach trouble, get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day—but be sure you see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton. Price 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Never sold loose.

MASTER BOOK OF MAGIC

Startle your friends with amazing tricks Baffling—Mystifying—Amusing, yet simple to perform

Turn to the Quaker Oats Advt. on page 30 for full particulars of how to get this wonderful book FREE.

"Still worrying about grey hairs? Regular massage with Deckers, Jerry, that's what you need. Greyness will soon disappear, and your hair will become naturally dark and lustrous again. It's a fine scalp tonic, too. Why not get a bottle and try it to-day?"



Hair Darkening

Spray

Super size bottle, double quantity 2/- Standard size, 1/9. Try it to-day. OBTAINABLE FROM ALL ★ HAIRDRESSERS AND STORES ★

Osborne, Garrett & Co., Ltd., London, W.1

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

The newest styles in Dance Frocks and Evening Gowns shown in the GRAVES DISPLAY OF FASHIONS lead the way for the present season. Every lady should in her own interest write for full particulars. Wherever you live, our Challenging Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

RHYTHM Lovely Evening Gown in a heavy plain Artificial Silk-Satin of excellent quality. Cut with V neck trimmed with diamante clip, and gracefully gathered in front. The low back has piping laced through loops to tie in a bow, whilst the skirt, which is cut on the cross, has a let-in front panel and full flare at the hem. Shades: Pink, Turquoise, and Black. Sizes: S.S.W. to W. Busts: 32 to 36in. Lengths: 48 to 56in. 12/11

Terms: 2/6 Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Coats, Costumes, Furs, Underwear, Robes, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and all particulars will be sent to you per return of post.

2/6 Monthly

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

INTENSE **NERVOUS PROSTRATION**

Mrs. Whetnall, 27, Turnerson St., off New Park Rd., Salford, writes:—"I never picked up after a very bad confinement. I was in this state for two years and used to cry if anybody looked at me. My husband thought I was losing my reason and asked me to try Vitadatio. I took three bottles and began to feel benefit. I then went to Wales and took two bottles with me and when I came back people could not believe it was me. I looked wonderful and felt it. I would back Vitadatio against anything for lasting benefit."

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints, and many Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors Ltd., most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in U.K. Special 21/- bottles for export, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

I have treated —— for Rheumatism and Sciatica with URACE brand TABLETS with excellent results; she is better than she has been for years. Sister M. C. N——, S.R.N. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

PARK DRIVE

THE LEADING *QUALITY* 4d. CIGARETTE

CONSTIPATION
is the Chief Cause
OF
DAILY ILLS

This is true of Indigestion, Biliousness, Liver Disorder, Headaches and innumerable other everyday complaints. For a Sluggish System is a POISONED System . . . a system so polluted by its own waste products, that it cannot possibly be healthy! It makes you feel Run-Down, Depressed, fills you with Pain, upsets your Digestion, puts Liver and Kidneys out of order, weakens the Blood! Take Beechams Pills! This grand old remedy conquers the *cause* of 90% of Daily Ills and restores that regularity and activity of the system which is the *only* basis of Perfect Health. As Beechams Pills Tone, Regulate and Purify, so your Health returns, your Aches and Pains and Ills fade away.

90% of Daily Ills Quickly Yield to
Beechams Brand
Worth A Guinea A Box **PILLS**

A.G makes it better for you

A.G. is *thinner* — and chemical free. What a difference that makes when you roll your favourite tobacco in A.G. All the *real* flavour "comes through" then. You get cooler smokes, too, in A.G. that won't fizzle away. Rolling is *much* easier by hand or machine with this strong, crisper paper.

Pick the A.G. Packet you prefer—the new one is *really* automatic. In any case get A.G.—it's worth insisting on.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS *Now packed in 2 styles*
THE NEW AUTOMATIC PACK COSTS NO MORE

***for* HOARSENESS**
Ingredients of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in the form of a sweet.
6d **VICK LOZENGES**

What's Wrong with 'The Villa'

IF there is one question more than any other on the lips of football enthusiasts the whole country over it is: "What's wrong with Aston Villa?"

The lions of English football, six times winners of the English Cup, six times champions of the League, seem to have been humbled almost beyond hope of retaliation.

After an almost unprecedented succession of defeats the club has just been beaten on its own ground by the bottom team in the First Division—to become bottom itself.

No wonder the question is being asked: "Is Aston Villa in decline?"—as portentously as if one were discussing the fate of an Empire.

Well, such things have happened in football before. Take the Thames Football Club, which as recently as five years ago was promising to make football history. Its new ground, accommodating 120,000 people, was one of the wonders of sport.

TO-DAY that ground is a greyhound racing and speed-track stadium at West Ham. The club itself is no more. The name—it is as near as any club has been allowed to calling itself London, which is barred—is forgotten.

And all because a management did not realise that the most important asset of any football club is players.

A remarkable case of decline on the part of a famous club was that of Wigan, once numbered among the mighty. To-day it plays in the Cheshire County League, its national status lost because Rugby League Football stole its thunder.

Very similar is the decline of Rochdale, now pegging away in the Northern Section of the Third Division. One year Wolverhampton Wanderers just beat Rochdale in the race for the Second Division. Next year Stoke City just got there—and Stoke are now comfortably settled in the First Division.

And Rochdale's troubles began with a succession of 17 defeats—of 26 successive matches it lost 25 and drew one!

Accrington! What does that name mean to footballers whose interest does not wander as far down the League tables as the Northern Section of the Third Division? It is hard to realise that Accrington was once among the twelve leading clubs.

IT just faded away slowly—but a little faster than two others of the famous twelve in which it was once numbered, Burnley, now in the Second Division, and Notts County, in the Southern Section.

And Burnley is not the only Second Division club that deserves better.

In that division there is Sheffield United, four times winners of the Cup and once First Division champions. There is Newcastle, three times Cup winners. There are Tottenham Hotspur and Bury, both of which have won the English Cup twice. And there are Barnsley, Bradford City and Nottingham Forest, all of them Cup winners once.

Even the Third Division has Cup winners in Cardiff and Notts County—so that the number of clubs that have suffered partial eclipse, at least, is by no means a small one.

Why, there was a day when the name of Merthyr Town rolled off the lips of football fans like those of Bradford City or Leeds United. Yet how many people to-day know enough about it even to say that it is not even in the Southern Section? Ever-increasing difficulty in getting players played havoc with its fortunes, and to-day "Merthyr Town" is a name that might mean a Rugby team, a hockey eleven or anything else.

Yes, there is a slippery slope in football as in every other walk of life. How does a football club manage to find its way careering down it?

Well, there is the case of Aston Villa, although one hopes it will soon be regaining its foothold. Directorial—or, shall I say, official?—differences have been its undoing. In Jim Allen, a Portsmouth player, Aston Villa saw one of the greatest defensive centre-halves ever.

The directors paid £11,000 for him, and at that price were certainly not allowing themselves to be fooled. And then, owning him, they promptly expected him to turn from a great defensive centre-half into a great attacking one—which is impossible even in the most elastic player.

Allen tried it. The whole of the team was upset. It is still striving, in vain, to get going like an Aston Villa eleven of old.

Yet there are stranger reasons than that for declines in the fortunes of football teams, whether temporary or permanent.

One of the queerest—it is not so long ago that the team went out of the First Division after a fine playing record in it—concerned a ban on its best player. He wanted to manage a public-house in his spare time, and the management said "No."

Well, he resigned, and the team lacked the key man who more or less held it together. More. The other players felt that the management was interfering unduly in their private lives, and never went on the field without a sense of grievance.

It is only recently that that decline has been arrested.

Quite a number of clubs that have gone downhill fast have only themselves to blame for dealing meanly, and even shabbily, with their players in the matter of play or benefit.

Some of them, compelled to give a player a benefit after he has served five years in the first team, have pushed the player into the reserves as soon as his benefit has become due, and have thus escaped from their liabilities. One London club did this with three players in one season.

Other teams have erred on the subject of pay. One I could name offered a really brilliant player three guineas a week under the maximum, although he obviously deserved the highest amount.

MOST people will remember how the late Herbert Chapman lifted Arsenal out of a decline. "There are too many men over thirty," he said, when he took over. "I'll change that."

Yet other teams without advisers so wise have sacked every "old" man—and *their* fortunes have declined. They have made the mistake of not keeping an old head or two to give technique, wisdom and wiliness.

Other clubs have suffered decline because they have always put off until too late making whatever step is necessary to improve a team. Poor Tottenham Hotspur and Leicester both did that last season, and now both are in the Second Division.

Still, both clubs are wise enough not to keep on making such mistakes. They are not likely to be "great names that will be forgotten as a dream."

Yes, and I can name a club that has suffered acute and permanent decline because of the rabid teetotalism of its directorate. And another that is certainly in temporary decline because it treats its players as schoolchildren, not giving any player freedom to decide his tactics and not even permitting a pack of cards in the club room—even for "snap"!

So many clubs understand football but not human psychology, and so they suffer decline.

As to others, they just don't understand football. Probably both deserve all they get.

Jamet Allen, the famous centre half-back, for whom Aston Villa paid the record transfer fee of £11,000

by CORINTHIAN
the Well-known Football Authority

Big Surprise

Full details of the "Mammoth Wonder Book" and how it can be yours are fully explained. Turn to pages 23 to 26 at once.

NO MISTAKE

"WHAT'S burning?" asked an alarmed Sheffield housewife recently at just about the time the family was due to retire for the night.

Everyone sniffed. Yes, there was no mistaking it. The smell was worst in the attic, but the most thorough search failed to reveal a trace of fire or smouldering.

It was only the sudden thought that the fumes might be coming from a near-by factory that led the household to retire for the night.

A few hours later their sleep was broken by an explosion, followed by a fall of bricks—and then the attic was unmistakably on fire!

There was unusual alarm in the district, for had not the theft of four dozen detonators from a powder magazine in the district been reported to the authorities?

Well, it was a dire tragedy for the family, but it is unlikely that there was any sinister hand behind it. More feasible is the theory that fumes from the fire had collected in a cavity formed by a falling beam in the roof and had then been exploded.

However that might be, we paid for the damage to that householder's private belongings—all because he had had the foresight to sign a coupon that gave him the wide cover of JOHN BULL'S unique free insurance scheme.

Such a coupon appears again to-day on page 16. Its value to you is obvious. Can you afford to neglect such a [illegible]

.....and it does not stick or flake,

and it imparts the natural sheen of health and youth,

because it is made with Pure Silvikrin, the natural hair food.

Silvifix

keeps the hair in fine shape

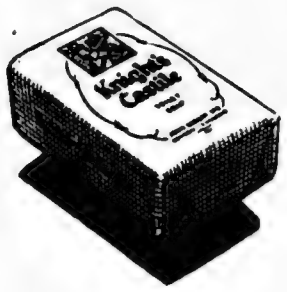
1/6

Ladies say it is marvellous for keeping the hair set in brilliant waves

S-404-E

How to keep husbands at home

D'YOU MIND, DEAR— I'VE BEEN ASKED TO PLAY BRIDGE AT THE CARTWRIGHTS'
...THE SECOND TIME THIS WEEK. IT'S PAMELA CARTWRIGHT I'M SURE—OH, I WISH WE'D NEVER LEFT THE COUNTRY
MY DEAR, EVEN HUSBANDS NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD AND BAD COMPLEXIONS
...THIS TOWN AIR'S GIVEN YOU TIRED SKIN. KNIGHT'S CASTILE WILL SOON PUT THAT RIGHT
TWO MONTHS LATER
WE'RE QUITE A PAIR OF STAY-AT-HOMES NOW. SURE YOU DON'T MISS YOUR BRIDGE EVENINGS?
I DON'T MISS ANYTHING AS LONG AS I'M WITH MY PRETTY WIFE



Women of all ages have to face the fact that their complexions are their most precious possessions. Too often, though, these complexions don't get a proper chance; deprived of the stimulating effect of fresh country breezes, the skin becomes "tired" and the complexion lifeless. Knight's Castile is specially made for the face. It supplies just that reviving and refreshing effect which town air cannot provide. For the price of a tablet—only fourpence—you get a complete beauty treatment. Buy a tablet to-day—your complexion will appreciate it.

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

KC 163-364

Feeling blue? Plagued by aches, pains, Rheumatic twinges? Then follow the Major's example. Sink your troubles, mental or muscular, in a steaming, soothing BUXTON Foambath. What a change in your mind and body when you stand on the bath-mat again! Blues gone—aches gone—Rheumatism eased—and a glow of health all over your skin. Life is worth living again.

Softens hard water, opens the pores of the skin, rids them of Uric acid and other impurities, eases aches and pains. A boon to rheumatic sufferers, an invigorating bath luxury for everybody. Contains no soda, leaves no "tide-mark."

BUXTON FOAMBATH

relieves Rheumatism

Sold by Chemists Everywhere. Trial Size 2d. Large Size 7½d.

Manufacturers:

PLIMSOLINE PRODUCTS, LTD., 44/48, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Tackle that irritating throat 'tickle' with Allenburys Pastilles. They keep the throat sweet and moist and the voice resonant and clear

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8½ 1/3

"DON'T HURRY—I'M QUITE HAPPY LIKE THIS"

—said Alfred the steeplejack. "I may bend the weathercock a bit, but my trousers won't let me down. Before I changed to Hard-az-Ian I had to be mighty careful—but now I shin down steeples with never a 'shine' to show for it."

HARD-AZ-IAN TROUSERS 10/6

In 3 shades and 24 fittings.

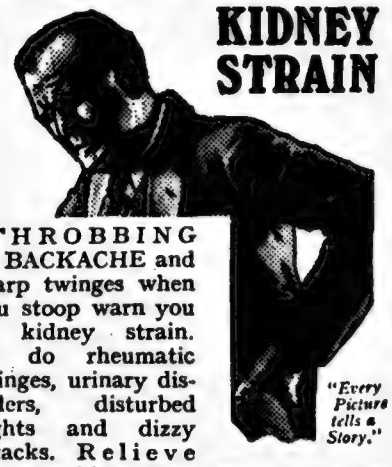
THE TOUGH TROUSERS FOR MEN WITH JOBS

Hard-az-Ian Breeches 12/11d. obtainable everywhere—if in difficulty write to: 37, Durward Street, London, E.1.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 2/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES



KIDNEY STRAIN

THROBBING BACKACHE and sharp twinges when you stoop warn you of kidney strain. So do rheumatic twinges, urinary disorders, disturbed nights and dizzy attacks. Relieve these troubles at their source by taking Doans Backache Kidney Pills. For fifty years this special kidney medicine has been overcoming rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and bladder weakness.

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Hard to keep going

Mr. W. Hancocks, 102, Reynoldson Street, Hull, says :—" All the strength seemed to leave my back. The least movement brought on terrible, rheumatic pains across the lower part. I could get no ease night or day. The kidney excretions were out of order.

" I was afraid I should have to give up, but Doans Backache Kidney Pills saved me from this. After I had been bad for months they rid me of kidney disorder. (*Signed*) W. Hancocks."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-, Insist upon

Doans Backache Kidney Pills

BETS BY POST

DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules for

Horse, Pony, or Greyhound Racing

will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

1/- UP TO ANY AMOUNT

Secure Long Odds now for the

NOVEMBER HANDICAP

Every Horse quoted—Send for Price List

The Famous CHALLENGER FIXED-PRICE FOOTBALL LISTS

include all matches in SIX Leagues—absolutely Nothing Barred. Odds up 10,000 to 1.

FREE POSTAGE

Every commission acknowledged and postage-free envelope enclosed.

Please send your Weekly Lists. I am over 21

Name_____

Address_____

J.B.

Town_____ County_____

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
157 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2

WRITE DIRECT—NO AGENTS.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

When I Acted as Detective

WHILST engaged as beach attendant at a seaside resort where it was the practice to allow holiday-makers to utilise certain local caves for undressing, I received complaints of thefts from garments left behind whilst the owners were bathing.

Determined to discover the thief I borrowed a pair of field glasses and concealed myself behind a rock overlooking the caves.

Doubtless all would have been well but for the fact that a party of students from a near-by holiday camp, on seeing me from the cliff top and thinking me a " Peeping Tom," rushed down and unceremoniously deposited me into the sea.—" *Montague*," *St. Mary's.*

He Returned

Sandbagging and highway robbery were fairly frequent in big South African towns at the close of the Boer War, and I was one of the special police attached to the C.I.D. to help deal with these outrages.

One night, in a dark lane, a man rushed headlong past me. I thought little of the incident until I found an unconscious figure lying in the gutter. A number of sovereigns were scattered near by—evidence that the footpad had been disturbed.

Guessing that the robber would return if the coast were clear, I hid near the victim. I was right! In a few minutes a furtive figure crept up and became very busy over the fallen man. I arrested him, and he got five years for his exploit.—*C. E. W., Porth.*

Innocent!

As a resident master in a school, it was one of my duties to inspect the beds of the pupils every morning at ten o'clock.

I always found that one bed was disarranged. The pupil concerned always protested his innocence, and it dawned on me that perhaps it was another pupil who had a grudge against the supposed offender.

Hoping to catch him, I concealed myself in the dormitory and waited. My own dog came up, jumped on to the bed, and pawing the clothes aside, proceeded to make himself comfortable between the sheets.—" *Dominie*," *Hants.*

So Near, Yet—

I acted as detective forty-five years ago whilst living in Kentucky. I had spent a day with friends, and riding home late at night I saw a light shining in a deserted log cabin. Peering through a chink in the door I saw that first of American gangsmen—the famous Jesse James.

I could almost feel the offered reward in my hand, when my horse made a noise. The door opened and I retreated.

A single shot and the front rim of my hat disappeared! I was cured; after that I kept to tobacco gnawing.—*B. B., Alton.*

Caught Her, But—

There was a thief in the factory, and, awaiting a favourable opportunity, I hid in the cloakroom.

Presently my suspect appeared, and walking to a coat plunged her hand in the pocket and withdrew a pochette. Triumphantly I emerged and challenged her.

That was my last piece of detective work, for after being escorted unceremoniously through the crowded factory, I was told by the owner of the coat that she had sent the girl.—P. G., Brighton.

Cured

At one time nothing pleased me better than to be mistaken for a detective. I visited all sorts of low public-houses trying to give that impression; it flattered my queer vanity to note suspicious glances at the entrance of the " ... dressed stranger."

One day I casually chatted with a la... lord, asking if he had seen any bad mon... lately.

I could see he was impressed, a... when a seedy-looking chap sidled up ... me and whispered hoarsely, " Are you ... detective, sir? " I could not resist t... temptation to pose, and answered, " Ye...

" So am I," said the seedy one in a ... different tone, " and I'm ' taking you ... for posing as one." He did, and it cur... me.—*B. H., Leicester.*

Not Schoolboys

Calling at an inn in South Wales ... noticed the landlord carrying glasses ... ale into a side room. His demeano... arousing my suspicion. I peered thro... the glass door and saw a dozen or ... schoolboys seated at a table, drinking ...

Later I informed a constable of wha... had seen and we returned to investig...

Imagine my embarrassment when ... turned out that the revellers were ... schoolboys at all, but a party of midg... taking part in a school scene at a l... theatre, and who had sought refuge fr... the public gaze in a private apartment ... the hotel.—*N. D., Erdington.*

They Glared!

There were five of us in a compartme... of the Cornish express travelling W... Having read my paper, I began to p... " detective " over my fellow-passeng... and soon found that three of them w... accomplices.

They were trying, very cleverly, to ... veigle the fourth passenger, a little m... into playing cards for money. Just wh... he was about to yield, I intervened w... a story about a man who lost £25 by pl... ing cards in the train.

The little man thanked me, sayin... " Forewarned is forearmed! " The oth... simply glared!—" *Alec*," *Mid-Wales.*

Dispensing with Formalit...

A gas-collector becomes suspicious ... slot-meter's consumption suddenly d... below its average. I had one case w... the " takings " fell by 75 per cent. ... as the meter was O.K., I set a trap ... disconnecting the coin mechanism—... awaited events.

As the house continued gas-lit a... dark, I paid an unexpected visit, ... before the surprised tenant could ... me, I gained access to the meter.

I found a neat, detachable pipe c... necting the main to the household sup... thus dispensing with the formality ... passing the gas through the meter ... *A. R., Addiscombe.*

Wrong Man!

It was at the Cup Final at Wem... two years ago that I played detective. ... was watching a tall, dark man, who ... acting rather suspiciously. Evidently ... was taking no interest in the game, ... he never looked at it.

Suddenly, just after the winning ... had been scored, I saw a thin hand ... a lady's handbag and take something ... But swiftly another hand clasped ... thief's shoulder and arrested him.

And, to my great surprise, I saw ... the man I had suspected was the de... tive who had caught the pickpocke... " *Soccer Fan*," *Rhos.*

Expensive Evidence

Noticing a saloon car backing out ... side street knock down an ornamen... statue and proceed on its way with... stopping, I enlisted the aid of a po... man and gave chase on my motor-cyc...

Imagine my discomfort when, on ... taking the culprit, he turned out to ... an inspector on the circuit of multi... stores where I was employed.

Later I was compelled to give evide... which led to the offender being hea... fined—a piece of detective work which ... me the best job I ever had.—*B. E., Fr...*

* * *

Waking early one morning I de... mined to find out what was happen... to my milk supply. Frequently, of la... had been tampered with. Imagine ... surprise when, watching at the windo... saw a little blue tit flutter down, ind... triously peck at the stopper and s... himself with my milk.—*S. W., Newca...*

ORIGINAL letters upon the sub... ject below, not exceeding 10... words, are invited. 10s will be pai... for each letter published. 2s. 6d. fo... " Shorts." Envelopes marked " Lette... Parliament " must reach 93, Lon... Acre, London, W.C.2, by first pos... Tuesday, November 19.

The Bully I Beat—and How—

see page 32

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on November 16

FIRST DIVISION.

**(1) DERBY v. Birmingham.
(2) Everton v. Arsenal.
(3) HUDDERSFIELD v. Stoke.
*(4) MIDDLESBRO v. Blackburn.
*(5) PORTSMOUTH v. Leeds.
(6) Preston v. W. B. Albion.
(7) Wednesday v. Grimsby.
(8) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Liverpool.
(9) ASTON VILLA v. Chelsea.
(10) Bolton v. Manchester C.
(11) Brentford v. SUNDERLAND.

SECOND DIVISION.

*(1) CHARLTON v. Sheffield U.
(2) Fulham v. LEICESTER.
(3) Hull v. Southampton.
*(4) MANCHESTER U. v. West Ham.
(5) NEWCASTLE v. Doncaster.
(6) PLYMOUTH v. Forest.
(7) PORT VALE v. Swansea.
*(8) HOTSPUR v. Bury.
(9) BARNSLEY v. Norwich.
(10) Bradford C. v. BLACKPOOL.
(11) BURNLEY v. Bradford.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

**(1) ORIENT v. Exeter.
(2) PALACE v. Watford.
(3) Gillingham v. Torquay.
(4) LUTON v. Swindon.
(5) NORTHAMPTON v. Q. P. Rangers.
(6) Notts v. Coventry.
**(7) READING v. Bristol C.
(8) SOUTHEND v. Brighton.
*(9) BOSCOMBE v. Aldershot.
(10) Bristol R. v. Newport.
(11) Cardiff v. Millwall.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) CHESTERFIELD v. Oldham.
(2) CREWE v. Darlington.
(3) LINCOLN v. Carlisle.
(4) N. Brighton v. WREXHAM.
(5) Rochdale v. Hartlepools.
(6) Southport v. TRANMERE.
(7) STOCKPORT v. Halifax.
(8) YORK v. Mansfield.
**(9) ACCRINGTON v. Gateshead.
(10) Barrow v. Rotherham.
(11) CHESTER v. Walsall.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) DUNFERMLINE v. Ayr.
**(2) HEARTS v. Clyde.
(3) KILMARNOCK v. Queen's Park.
*(4) MOTHERWELL v. Airdrie.
(5) RANGERS v. Hamilton.
(6) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Queen of South.
(7) THIRD LANARK v. Hibernian.
(8) Albion Rovers v. ABERDEEN.
**(9) CELTIC v. Arbroath.
(10) DUNDEE v. Partick.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—1 (*H*); Div. II.—10 (*A*); Southern Section—7 (*H*); Northern Section—9 (*H*); Scottish League—2 (*H*) would indicate Derby, Blackpool, Reading, Accrington and Hearts.

"Don't scold him, Mrs. Hardy. He doesn't look well. Are you sure he is not constipated? Whenever a child is cross and peevish, I look at the tongue. If it is coated, or if the breath is disagreeable, I know at once what is wrong. I always give 'California Syrup of Figs.' That moves the bowels in a few hours and cleanses the system.

Children don't understand the importance of regularity. They get absorbed in play and won't trouble. And it is only when they get thoroughly cross and miserable that you realise that they are constipated. I find it saves a world of sickness and worry to give them a regular weekly dose. I would do that if I were you. With a natural fruit laxative like 'California Syrup of Figs' you can't do wrong.

Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children, and we nurses swear by it. Get a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' from the chemist and give him a dose at bedtime. He'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning. There are two sizes; 1/3 and 2/6, you'll find the large bottle cheaper in the long run.

Never experiment with cheap and drastic preparations when buying children's laxatives. The safest plan is to do as I do, follow the example of the Doctors and give 'California Syrup of Figs' brand."

"California Syrup of Figs"
BRAND
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

Their benefit is lasting!

Read these letters from Mrs. H——

1933 *"I feel so grateful for the wonderful recovery I have made owing to the steady use of 'Phyllosan' tablets. I was nearly bedridden. Now I can walk freely. I feel ten years younger."*

1935 *"I still take 'Phyllosan' tablets. They have worked wonders for me; they saved me from being bedridden. Especially do I value their power of building up the nervous system."*

'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets have won the confidence of men and women the world over. If you are run-down, 'feeling your age,' have high blood pressure, hardening arteries, or heart weakness, *start taking 'Phyllosan' tablets to-day!* Two tablets three times daily. Take them *regularly* and the results will astonish you! 'Phyllosan' tablets are the brand tablets sold by Natural Chemicals Ltd., and are prepared according to the formula and under the direction of E. Buergi, M.D., Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne.

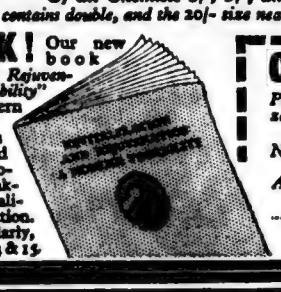
Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' Regd.

BRAND OF CHLOROPHYLL

TABLETS TO-DAY!

Of all Chemists 3/-, 5/-, and Family Size, 20/-.
The 5/- size contains double, and the 20/- size nearly ten times the quantity of the 3/- size

FREE BOOK! Our new book *"Revitalization and Rejuvenation a Modern Possibility"* explains how modern science is dealing with the problems of Abnormal Blood Pressure, Arteriosclerosis, Heart Weakness, Anæmia, Revitalization, and Rejuvenation. Women, particularly, should read pages 14 & 15.



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Please send me a copy of your book: "Revitalization and Rejuvenation a Modern Possibility."

Name.....

Address.....

Write in BLOCK LETTERS please. Post in unsealed envelope under ½d. stamp. J.B. 16/11/35

Proprietary rights are not claimed in this preparation apart from the registered trade mark 'Phyllosan,' which is the property and denotes the products of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.

There's nothing to beat a little cigar!

WHEN THE HOME TEAM SCORES

THERE'S an extra thrill in watching a well-scored goal when you're smoking a MARCELLA Whiff. Take a few of these choice little 'smokes' when you go to the match. The rich flavour makes them a luxury rather than an extravagance.

MARCELLA WHIFFS

HW 12

3 *for* 6D • 5 *for* 10D • 10 *for* 1/8

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Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT.
Price 1'6
Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3.
Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.

GOOD COOKS USE Borwicks! BAKING POWDER

THEY'D BE LOST WITHOUT IT!
3 2 lb

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for the GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices & Easy Terms are for YOU

BLENHEIM This splendidly tailored Coat is cut on generous lines, and is produced in a Heavy Nap Cloth of thoroughly dependable quality & handsome appearance. The garment is in the fashionable 4-button double-breasted style with medium-wide collar and hold revers. There is a half belt at the back which has centre seam opening into an inverted pleat at the hem. Coat is lined throughout with super quality Artificial Silk Twill. In Navy & Brown only. Sizes 8 S.W. to O.S., Busts from 32 to 38ins. Lengths: 46 to 50ins. Price **25/11**

Terms: 3/6 Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for range of Patterns, Post Free. Coats, Costumes, Furs, Underwear, Robes, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and all particulars will be sent per return of post.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

3/6 Monthly

The CandidATE - The ElectorATE

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION knows this to be true

Every sufferer from Indigestion wants three things, and wants them quickly.

★ **Firstly,** he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

¶ **Secondly,** he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.

§ **Thirdly,** he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

★ On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder **firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

¶ **Secondly,** the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

§ **Thirdly,** another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all Chemists, in Sky-blue Canister,

1/6

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

RHEUMATISM

The root cause of rheumatism is to be found in the failure of the kidneys to perform their duty as purifiers of the blood stream. The kidneys, which should take out every trace of poison or waste matter from the system, are allowing the blood stream to carry excess uric acid all over the body.

This uric acid quickly forms sharp, needle-pointed crystals which settle in joints, causing swelling, stiffness and the agonising pain of rheumatism. The correct treatment must restore the kidneys to their healthy, natural state, so that uric acid is filtered out from the blood. That is why De Witts Pills can effect permanent relief in the most obstinate cases of rheumatism.

You cannot be well if your kidneys are ailing.

De Witts Pills act directly on the kidneys and restore them to their natural, effective action as the filters of the waste of the system. You will have visible proof of this direct action within 24 hours of taking De Witts Pills. With the lessening of uric acid, the root cause of rheumatism disappears. Take the genuine De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills and then rest assured that restored, healthy kidneys will take Nature's own wonderful way of preventing the agony of rheumatism.

DE WITTS BRAND **KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS**

NEW TRIAL SIZE **1/3** Economy Sizes 3/- & 5/-

F. F. (Bath).—"I was obliged to cut the enclosed article short." We are obliged, too.

H. D. A. (Melton).—"The dog bit right through the netting and got away." He must have been a wire terrier.

BEAUTY (London).—"I gave her some hints about how to remove the lines round her eyes." Wrinkles?

M. L. (Bolton).—"Because stiff collars cut my neck, I have had to stop wearing them." You've cut them out?

C. T. (Bradford).—"No couple can tell beforehand whether their marriage will be a success." A case of mate and see.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Barnet).—"My stock of magnesium which should have lasted me for three months was destroyed instantly." It went in a flash?

A. T. (Woking).—"There is a vast difference between any two young men." Yet they look alike when a pretty girl passes.

CENTRE (Walsall).—"The sun shone powerfully, but we beat our strongest opponents by twelve goals." It was a dark day for them.

AMATEUR DAIRYMAN (York).—"What is a 12-lb. cheese likely to fetch?" Lots of mice.

R. P. (Exeter).—"I am making myself a garage built entirely of rubber." So your wife drives, too?

J. M. (Dorchester).—"What do you get most regularly on your wireless set?" Dust.

SCHOOLMASTER (Ripley).—"In my opinion a good licking never fulfils any useful purpose." But it makes a stamp do its job!

ANNOYED (Southampton).—"If a barber gashed *your* face several times during a shave, how would you feel?" Quite cut up about it.

THEATRICAL PRODUCER (Mayfair).—"What will happen when television sets are as common as wireless sets?" We shall see.

JACK (Clapham).—"After being ill with stomach trouble for a fortnight, I was able to take my usual place on the football field last Saturday." Inside right?

W. T. M. (Hampstead).—"An eider-duck farmer home on holiday from South Africa tells me that he loves his work." Yet it gets him down.

VISITOR (Strand).—"The pigeons at Trafalgar Square take a lot of trouble over their eating." We always thought they did it off hand.

J. M. F. (Poynton).—"What would you think of a man who presented every boy in the village with a football?" That he was in the glazing business.

J. M. T. (Tottenham).—"After spending a holiday in Spain, I am convinced that matadors are disappearing." We don't blame them.

ENTHUSIAST (Morden).—"The other afternoon I put all my plants out to catch the rain, but I was very disappointed with the result." Didn't it rain?

H. B. (Harwich).—"The sound of nutmegs being rubbed together gets on my nerves more than any other." You find it grating?

S. H. (Hayes).—"My son and I have an equal love of fresh fruit." We bet he sees to it that you don't get an equal share of the fruit though.

A. E. (Kenton).—"An hour before a Sussex ploughing competition was timed to begin, I read, an entrant discovered that his plough was missing." We understand, however, that it duly turned up. cent.

OCTOGENARIAN (Widnes).—"During our holidays my wife and I went up in an aeroplane for the first time and thoroughly enjoyed the experience." You had a high old time.

D. M. (Margate).—"I read that an American has invented a collapsible motor-car." The man who first built a brick wall did that only he didn't realise it.

PATER (Reepham).—"It is our son's first birthday next week and my wife insists that we have a birthday cake, but I think he is too young to appreciate it." You think it hardly worth the candle.

"RAIL" (Crewe).—"A recent railway time-keeping test revealed a punctuality of 98.2 per cent." Curious how most of us seem to be on that remaining 1.8 per cent.

K. B. (Chelsea).—"There are many Old Masters knocking about that have never been hung, and most certainly ought to be." Servants who work for them will agree heartily.

TOM Y. (Edinburgh).—"What do you think of the chances of those motorists who are trying to organise a National Learners' Association?" At the moment it is difficult to say just what their numbers will run into.

THE EDITOR *Laughs Last*

THE KID

REFEREE (Walsall).—"A football team is judged by results." Net results.

GARDENER (Brentwood).—"I bought a dozen bushels of loam for sixpence a bushel last week." That was dirt cheap.

R. J. (Swanage).—"The surgeon who successfully performed my operation completely ignored me when I raised my hat to him in the street." He cut you again?

PEDESTRIAN (Boscombe).—"I was very angry when the constable insisted that I had crossed against the traffic signals. I am sure they were not against me when I stepped off the path." You did not see red until he stopped you?

Fan (Newcastle).—"The football referee of to-day is nobody to rave about." Unless, of course, he awards a doubtful penalty.

AUTHOR (Holloway).—"I have a very original plot for a book." A novel idea?

A. A. (Kensington).—"I would abolish all trams if I had my way." And could pay for a taxi.

CONFECTIONER (Brixton).—"It is quite easy to make sweet rock at home." Many wives do—but they call it cake.

BUTCHER (Leeds).—"My partner and I climbed to success together." Shoulder to shoulder eh?

CYCLIST (Hendon).—"No man is compelled to go to work every day by 'bus." Unless, of course, he's a 'bus driver.

VICTORIAN (Cheltenham).—"How many young wives nowadays keep their homes spick and span." A tidy few.

STREET-CORNER ORATOR (Greenock).—"No man deliberately and of his own choice struggles for a living." What about the all-in wrestler?

MAGICIAN (London, W.).—"When I applied at the circus for a job as a conjuror the manager told me to vamoose." We suppose you just vanished?

L. G. (Chichester).—"I am told that some toys begin to increase in price at this time of the year." Well, kites are certainly going up.

CORSET MANUFACTURER (Manchester).—"I am placing an all-rubber product on the market without delay." Making no bones about it, in fact.

D. MACD. (Dundee).—"The last time I was in a London restaurant I asked the waiter to bring me asparagus." And did you leave him a tip?

G. A. G. (Lincoln).—"I'm afraid I answered very shortly when he complained about the smoke, and asked why it made me have so many fires." Rubbish.

S. E. C. (Gateshead).—"Who do you think has reaped most benefit from living in a sun-trap house?" The window cleaner, probably.

STUDENT (Manchester).—"What elderly grousers may say, one must have brains to pass any examination to-day." Unless, of course, it is a medical examination.

J. L. H. (Chester).—"In spite of all advice my protégé still breathes wrong and is ruining his chance of becoming walking champion." So you find you are wasting breath as well.

G. F. (Bromley).—"I had arranged to be married as soon as the house was finished, but the builder took five months longer than I anticipated." Very understanding of him.

R. P. (Wisbech).—"Although I had not handled a boomerang for twenty years I quickly discovered that I had lost none of my old skill." It came back to you in no time!

PUNTER (Tottenham).—"It takes many of us years to bring off a 'double.'" As a rule, yes, but turn to page 47 and you will see how to turn £500 into £1,000 in half an hour.

GARDENER (Hants).—"Although I have never done anything like it before I took on the job of returfing our new football pitch." So you covered a lot of the ground.

WIFE (Romford).—"When my husband comes home he grumbles and grouses about everything, and I am glad when he shuts himself in his own room to work." When he retires to his den?

DISGUSTED (Warwick).—"What can a man say to a son-in-law who walks out with about half a ton of lead just when he's about to use it himself?" Well, you can't charge him with acting in a moment of weakness, obviously.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature — you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

As they say at Wapping Old Stairs:

'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN,
they're blended better
—they're Wills's!

CAPSTAN CIGARETTES 10 for 6d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 20 for 11½d.

EVEN BETTER THAN COD LIVER OIL

New Tasteless Tablets are Greatest of all Strength and Flesh-builders for Weak, Run-down People

No longer need mothers force fishy-tasting Cod Liver Oil down children's throats! No longer need men and women who are skinny and weak stay that way because they hate the thing which could put them right.

At last doctors have found a way to concentrate, health-giving, flesh-producing Vitamins in tasteless sugar-coated tablets as simple and easy to take as sweets.

Get a bottle of Clotabs—as these tablets are called—from any chemists to-day, and if they don't put on at least 5lbs. of firm, healthy flesh in a month, get your money back.

Clotabs are made from the wonderful Halibut Liver Oil and here are just one or two of the wonders they have worked. One little girl who was very weak after diphtheria and unable to go to school improved the very first week and put on 4 lbs. in three weeks. A little boy who was run down and underweight gained 21 lbs. of sturdy flesh. A lady at Wembley who was "always tired" gained new energy and strength. A man who was thoroughly run-down after tooth trouble found immediate improvement and gained at least 3 lbs.

Get a bottle to-day. From any chemist, 2/3 and 3/-

EVERY BLADE GUARANTEED PERFECT 4 for 1/-

Get a Packet To-day. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

COLDS
Stopped at once

Stop your Cold at once! A touch of "Nostroline" nasal remedy ends infection, clears head, nose, throat, chest. "Nostroline" banishes stuffiness and discomfort. Stops Colds, Catarrh, and Flu. Relieves Head Noises and Catarrhal Deafness. Safe even for youngest child. 1/3 all Chemists.

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.36, Clifton, Bristol.

'NOSTROLINE'

DOUBLE ACTION!—that's the secret of BRYLCREEM

Brylcreem is used every day by millions of men because they know that not only does it provide that well groomed not gummed appearance but is also a valuable hair tonic. Composed of pure natural oils and other ingredients noted for their beneficial effects upon the hair and scalp, Brylcreem, because of its double action, justifies its reputation as the Perfect Hairdressing of all time.

MAKE THIS YOUR DAILY HABIT

30 Seconds—
Take a little Brylcreem on the fingers and rub briskly into the scalp to provide nutrition and restore hair health.

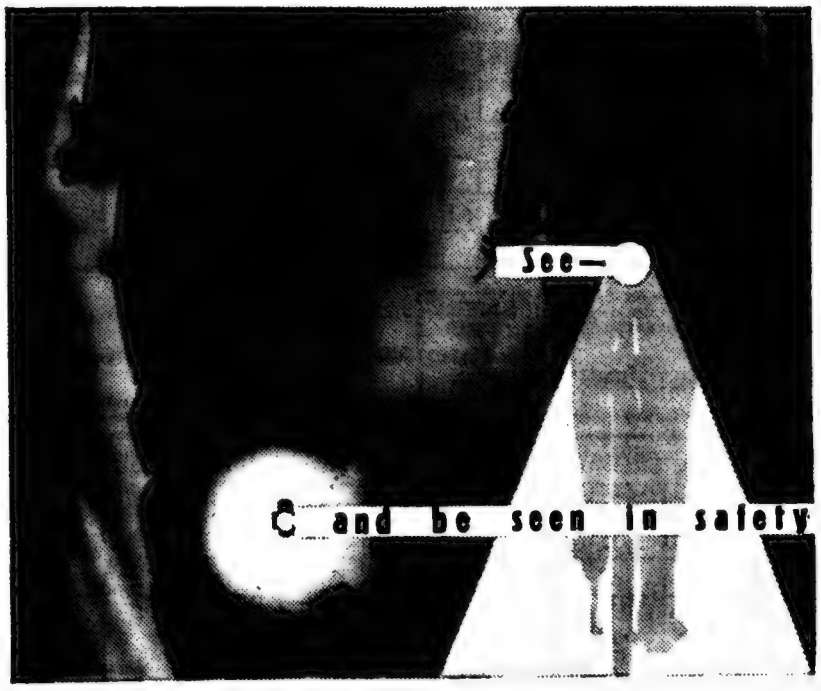
30 Seconds—
Apply Brylcreem and then comb and brush your hair for that well groomed (not gummed) appearance that only Brylcreem can give.

Dry scalp, scurf and dandruff are quickly and permanently remedied in this way.

BRYLCREEM
The Perfect Hair Dressing

Brylcreem in bottles 9d., 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6. Tubes 1/-. Brylcreem de Luxe in black glass jars 1/6.

The Perfumery Co., Park Royal, London, N.W.10



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REG'D TRADE MARK

ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMPS

Electric Head Lamp Price 2/6. Refill battery, 18 hours lighting service Price 8d.

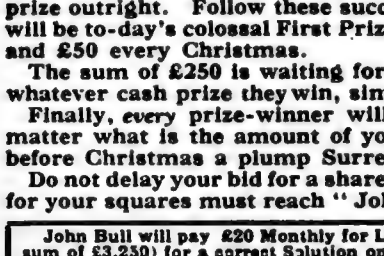
Electric Rear Lamp Price 1/6. Refill Dry Cell 35 hours lighting service Price 3½d.

British made and obtainable everywhere.

THE EVER READY CO. (GT. BRITAIN), LTD., HERCULES PLACE, LONDON, N.7

RECORD XMAS X-WORD OFFER

of Double Pension Cheques for Dec. 25, unlimited Xmas Fowls, Xmas Cakes and Cash Bonuses. Enter by noon Thurs. Nov. 28. All prizes paid before Xmas.



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JOHN BULL'S STAGGERING 3 IN 1 X-WORD FIRST PRIZE OR ONE GIANT LUMP SUM OF £3,250

£250 FINE XMAS PRIZE Between all Runners-up

TWO EXTRA XMAS PRIZES

FOR EVERY CASH WINNER
Plump Xmas Fowl and Big Xmas Cake with each Cash Prize

DOUBLED CASH PRIZES

OFFERED TO RUNNERS-UP
If in this contest "John Bull" receives from you in one envelope not fewer than four sixpenny or prize coupons any share of the £250 which you win will be augmented by a cash Bonus of the same amount.

Already more than 70 competitors have captured a giant "John Bull" Crossword prize outright. Follow these successful entrants to the top of the prize-list and yours will be to-day's colossal First Prize, consisting of £1,000 cash, £20 Monthly Life Pension and £50 every Christmas.

The sum of £250 is waiting for Runners-up, with the added opportunity to *double* whatever cash prize they win, simply by entering 4 or more coupons in one envelope.

Finally, *every* prize-winner will secure in addition a double Christmas Bonus. No matter what is the amount of your "John Bull" cheque, you will also receive just before Christmas a plump Surrey Fowl and a luscious Xmas Cake.

Do not delay your bid for a share in this Record distribution of Cash and Xmas Feasts, for your squares must reach "John Bull" by noon, Thursday, November 28.

John Bull will pay £20 Monthly for Life, £1,000 Cash and a £50 Xmas Cheque Yearly (or one lump sum of £3,250) for a correct Solution on one square of the puzzle.

Failing a correct Solution, the prize will be awarded to the sender whose entry is the nearest correct Solution.

An additional £250 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning Solution.

Plump Xmas Fowl and Big Xmas Cake with each cash prize.

Runners-up who have enclosed four sixpenny or prize coupons in one envelope will have their cash prize doubled. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 12.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 330—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1935.

JB 330 JB 330

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 330—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1935.

JB 330 JB 330

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crossword No. 330. 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra Entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Colour of many official forms
6. Careful accountant keeps books thus
10. When firms combine they become this
12. Fine feathers are seen in
13. Electric lamps are, by switching
15. Letters standing for eminent Counsel
17. Seen in kitchen—or dressing-room of actress
19. Where expert footwork wins applause
21. Usually without Sally
22. Sometimes benefits by choosing difficult course
23. Take centre from hub
24. Often contains a cheering message
27. Part of chicken in stockings
28. Greasy road often causes nasty one
31. Make good some defect
33. What the fourth plum-stone means
35. Begins rowing in error
36. Cereal in boat
38. Hidden in mist and kissing
39. Sixty coppers make one
41. Put to some purpose in buses
42. Taxes are often paid with
43. Mother uses strong one to prevent sonny losing buttons

CLUES DOWN

1. Backer's good luck makes him do this more often
2. Puma without head or tail
3. Some make a serious matter of this
4. Nests are empty when birds have done so
5. Mussolini has enemy in this
6. Things are safe under policeman's
7. The ends of limit
8. Slippery fish in creels
9. Says goodbye in France
11. Great Western or George Washington?
14. Causes railway trouble when overloaded
16. Tells doctor there's something wrong
18. Has been put down on highway
20. First and last in index
23. They're hunted and jugged
25. In centre of Swiss Mountains
26. Half team in League
27. Big black birds
28. Does person in danger a good turn
29. Bury in winter
30. In delight and despair
32. It's galling to be clapped in
34. Endorsement to passport
37. Is knocked off cigarettes
39. Typist is this in the office
40. Stands for Royal Academician in training

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it / & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, November 28, 1935.

2.—Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 12, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, December 17, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £250 to be divided between the Runners-up. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given. The correct Solution is regarded for the purpose of this Contest as that which has been determined the best and most appropriate after all possible solutions have been critically considered by the Editor in consultation with the Compiler.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £3,250 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

SOLUTION OF "JOHN BULL" X-WORD NO. 328

JB 328

Winners in Crossword No. 327 appear in page 45. Winners in Crossword No. 328 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 328 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims for prizes are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

KEEP YOUR COPIES HERE

JB 330

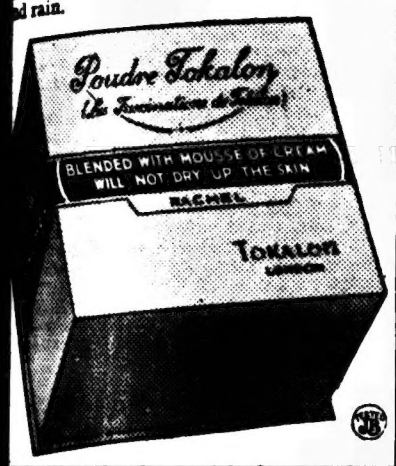
EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE. For this special Contest only, you may enter as many coupons as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Further squares will appear in next week's "John Bull." For extra squares send penny postcard to "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of coupons (each with two squares) required.

NEW FACE POWDER FASHION

TAKES PARIS BY STORM

The Season's Sensation
Paris

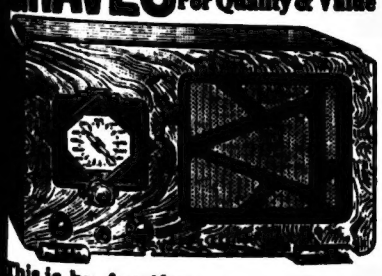
The latest fashion adopted by smart French women is a face powder which gives a perfect 'matt' complexion free from shine all day long, even when out in wind and rain.



This latest development in face powders is due to a new ingredient called 'Mousse of Cream'. Now Tokalon has patented the Mousse of Cream process. Thus Poudre Tokalon now offers you the advantages hitherto enjoyed only by the fortunate few who do not care how much they pay for their powder.

Poudre Tokalon now not only gives an exquisitely beautiful complexion but one that stays fresh and lovely all day long whatever you are doing. Not even perspiration from the most vigorous outdoor sports or a long evening's dancing can spoil the rose petal loveliness it gives. Because Poudre Tokalon is the only powder with the 'Mousse of Cream' secret. Only 6d. and 1/- a box, in spite of the cost of the 'Mousse of Cream' process.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



This is by far the most attractive Wireless value ever offered. THE GRAVES 'VULCAN' SCREENFD SHIELD SELF-CONTAINED BATTERY-DRIVEN 3 VALVE RECEIVER gives all you want in Radio, at a price and on Terms you can easily afford. It is a Set of great power and proved efficiency, simple to operate and dependable in results. Every component is the best of its class, including Iron-Cored Multi-Wire Coils, Double Circuit Tuning, Silver-plated Contact Switches, Full Vision Illuminated Dial, British Valves, 120-volt H.T Battery of large capacity 2-volt plate type Accumulator, Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker of Nickel Aluminium type. All Steel Chassis. Tastefully constructed Cabinet in two shades of Walnut: 18½x10x9½. Everything complete including Aerial and Earth Equipment—nothing else to buy. The whole outfit safely packed & Carriage Paid to destination. £7.12.0 or 8/- now and 18 monthly payments of 8/-.

8/- NOW

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. J. W. M., Lower Gornal, writes:—"The Wireless Set is better than I expected. I have given it a good testing, and am more than pleased with results. I say it is more than you claim it to be."

Mr. E. D. of Birmingham, writes:—"I am still using the Set you sold for me exactly 10 years ago and I assure you that reception is as good as ever. We have never had a real breakdown with it, and for 9 years I have had to examine it for any shortcomings."

Mr. S. C. of Walsall, writes:—"I should like to testify to the splendid service your Vulcan Set has given us since 1931, and it is still holding its own. No praise is too high for your goods, and I am always pleased to say 'It's from Graves of Sheffield'."

Mr. T. A. of Sunderland, writes:—"It is a splendid Set and worth every halfpenny of the money. The results are magnificent, and people who have heard it voice the same opinion."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains including super Sets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

How Amazing Sea Plant, Rich in Minerals and Food Iodine, Quickly Puts Pounds of Solid Flesh on Both Types of THIN MEN and WOMEN without use of drugs

Whether you're "Naturally Thin" and can't put on weight no matter what you eat or whether you're underweight because of some systemic ailment—you can now, by making this one simple change, which corrects glands starved of minerals and food iodine, put on several pounds of solid 'stay-there' flesh—or the trial is FREE.

As results of tests covering thousands of cases of underweight, science has at last placed its finger on the principal cause of both "NATURAL THINNESS" and UNDERWEIGHT due to dangerous run-down ailing conditions—GLANDS STARVING FOR MINERALS AND ORGANIC FOOD IODINE (only assimilable food iodine taken internally not chemical iodine used externally). When these tiny hidden internal glands, particularly the Thyroid and those which control weight and strength building, lack FOOD IODINE AND MINERALS, all the food in the world can't help you. Even diets rich in fat and starches fail to add weight and build energy. That's why thin people often have huge appetites, yet stay thin, instead of helping you, the food you eat tends to clog the system, cause indigestion, constipation and no end of ordinary stomach disorders.

Now, however, with the introduction of "VIKELP" Tablets—a mineral concentrate derived from a huge, 90-foot sea vegetable harvested off the Pacific Coast, you can be assured of a rich, concentrated supply of needed minerals and NATURAL FOOD IODINE. (Don't confuse this with common liquid iodine or iodine fumes.) Only when the system gets an adequate supply of this NATURAL FOOD IODINE and MINERALS can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy—and correct forever systemic disorders such as Constipation, Rheumatism, Weakness (female) loss of energy, mental exhaustion, goitre, skin and blood disorders, etc.

Women hitherto unattractive, acquire lovely rounded figures and men of poor physique formerly skinny and frail become strong, virile and build fine muscular bodies. Give "VIKELP" Tablets a short trial. Notice the immense difference they make to you. If after 10 days, you do not only find that you can work without tiring, feel full of boundless vigour, sleep better, eat better, and furthermore do not put on at least several flattering pounds of solid "stay-there" flesh in place of scrawny hollows—THE TRIAL IS FREE. So try "VIKELP" Tablets today.

A new 1/9 SIZE NOW AVAILABLE, obtainable at all chemists including Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors Ltd. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 1/9 for 40 tablets, 3/6 for 100 tablets, 6/9 for 225 tablets or 17/6 for 675 tablets (4-5 times larger than ordinary tablets) direct to Health Products Laboratories Ltd. Dept. J.B./11/3, 10 Henrietta Street, London, W.1.

WHAT THE PRECIOUS CONCENTRATED MINERALS IN "VIKELP" TABLETS MEAN TO YOU

Its rich Supply of	Corrects
Iodine ..	Goitre, Nervousness, Thinness, low vitality, skin diseases, faulty metabolism.
Iron	Anæmia, Headaches, weakness, asthma.
Copper ..	Anæmia, loss of vigour.
Calcium ..	Stomach trouble, rickets, eczema, impaired teeth during pregnancy.
Phosphorus ..	Mental exhaustion, subnormal growth.
Sodium ..	Stomach trouble, rheumatism, kidney and bladder disorders.
Potassium ..	Acidosis, heart disorders, constipation.
Magnesium ..	Underweight, skin diseases.
Sulphur ..	Constipation, blood and liver disorders, nervousness.
Manganese ..	Anæmia, gout, general debility.

These minerals work in conjunction with each other.

VIKELP
Brand
Body Building Tablets

See that you get Vikelp brand Body-Building Tablets. Don't be misled — guaran.eed or money back.

ALL PRICES REDUCED
NEW 40 TABLET SIZE AT 1/9

£950 Won in "John Bull" Crossword No. 327

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following six competitors, who share the £250 offered:—

W. J. Hales, 1, Irvine Terrace, Cliffe, Rochester, Kent; Miss F. Hosford, Derrycorey, Portadown, N. Ireland; E. W. G. Jackman, 15, Cranbrook Road, Upper Parkstone, Dorset; Mrs. E. N. Sprague, 6, Dover Street, Bevois Town, Southampton; E. Tuckwell, 17, Shorncliffe Road, London, S.E.; H. J. Westall, 176, The Broadway, Didcot, Berks.

Subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £141 13s. 4d. and a Giant Xmas Hamper will be sent to each of them.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, November 26, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 129 competitors from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive 15s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

Surprise Awards were won by 634 competitors who submitted solutions containing three errors.

Turn to page 44 now for full details of "John Bull's" Crossword Offer this week, with splendid must-be-won cash prizes.

Sciatica cured by Macleans Rub.

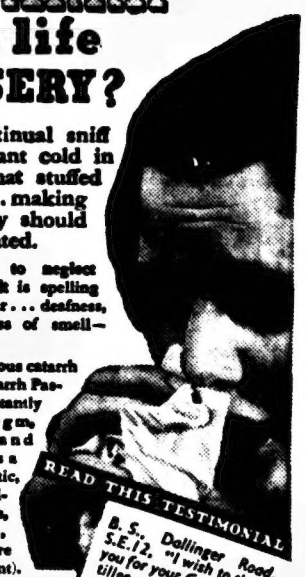
If you know the tortures of Sciatica have you tried Macleans Brand Rheumatic Rub! The great firm of Macleans have discovered a wonderful new Rub, non-irritating, non-greasy, which actually penetrates the skin and subcutaneous tissues and dissolves away the agonising uric acid crystals from muscles and nerve sheaths. It brings almost instant relief where all else has failed. For your own sake get a tube of Macleans Rheumatic Rub to-day. It is bound to do you good, bound to bring you rapid relief and permanent ease. At all chemists, 1/3, or 3/- for a very large tube. Money back if not satisfied.

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists, and the guarantee protects you.

Must CONTINUAL CATARRH make life a MISERY?



THAT continual sniff ...that constant cold in the head...that stuffed up feeling... making life a misery should not be tolerated.

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH ... it is spelling for trouble later... deafness, head noises, loss of smell—and worse.

End this continuous catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic, (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, 'buses, trams or where infection is present).

B. S., Dallinger Road, S.E.12, "I wish to thank you for your Catarrh Pastilles. They are really splendid when cold in the head threatens."

INSTANT RELIEF for
NASAL CATARRH
THROAT COUGH, COLDS,
BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, etc.

Buy a handy 1/3d. tin at any chemist, stores or herbalists or 1/4½d. post free from makers.

POTTER & CLARKE LTD.
61S, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

BRONCHITIS

For bronchitis or colds or sore throats or chest colds, there's nothing in the wide world to equal Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is clean, stainless, and on the very first application you feel its "deep healing" warmth doing you good, easing the pain, loosening the congestion. It never fails. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist to-day. Costs 2/6d., but is very economical as, owing to its great penetrating power, you can use very little at a time. Once you have tried it you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

A Tottenham N. user says:

"I suffer at times from Bronchitis, in fact the least little cold flies to my chest. I also get rather a nasty stabbing pain in my chest. I find your Musterole Brand Ointment the best thing I have ever used, and I would not be without a jar of it in the house."

At all Chemists
2/6
MUSTEROLE
BRAND
Mustard Ointment

gives *certain* relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFFNESS, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after 'FLU and COLDS.

Thos. Christy & Co. Ltd., 4 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

nearly £100,000 MUST BE WON BEFORE XMAS

Between now and Christmas, hundreds of people will win fortunes in the big newspaper contests. Imagine yourself suddenly wealthy, with enough money to buy all those little luxuries you have wanted for so long! And there is no reason why you shouldn't be. But you must have expert help and advice—the kind of advice which you will find in *Guide and Ideas.*

This week yet another prize winner, Mr. Penfold, who has won the first prize of £650 in the Sunday Graphic "Doublits" No. 66, thanks *Guide and Ideas,* which he declares *"is a splendid and unfailing source of inspiration."*

Guide and Ideas entertains as well as helps you, for it is packed with stories, articles, humorous sketches—features to interest and amuse all the family.

★BEST POOLS FORECASTS

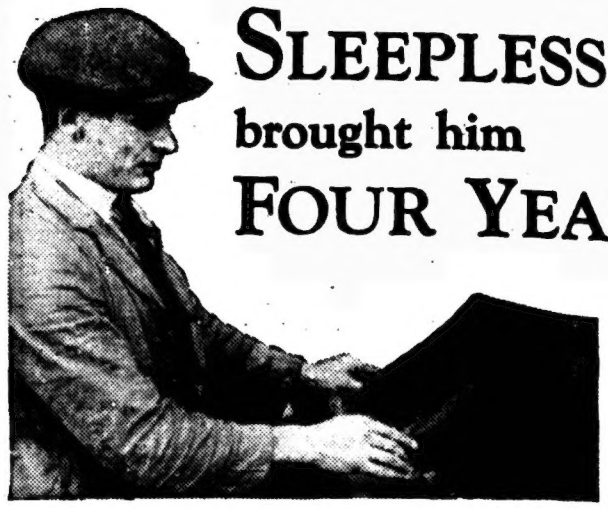
Follow them in *Guide and Ideas* and win big dividends.

Be Sure You Get

Guide & Ideas

FOR COMPETITORS

EVERY MONDAY - - - - - PRICE 2d.



SLEEPLESS NIGHT brought him FOUR YEARS' PAY

PROFESSORS who juggle with calories and price statistics, proving so glibly that a family can thrive on .896 of a shilling per person per day, could learn a good deal from a man like Mr. C. Hollins, 87, Middleton Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.

Unemployment has meant hard times for this young father, his wife and family. And though things have been better of late, with £3 weekly coming in from his work in a perambulator factory, there is not much left from that sum when four healthy youngsters have been provided for.

* * *

Even when I called the next morning at the works where Mr. Hollins is employed, writes a JOHN BULL representative, he was still feeling staggered by his £350 and Radio success in our 1,003rd Competition.

"The feeling of security this will give," he assured me, "will make life wonderfully different for us."

Well, Mr. Hollins had already made many plans for using his prize-money. And when Birmingham readers later see his £350 cheque in the newsagent's window at 25, Silver Street, that scrap of paper from JOHN BULL will have bought new furniture, new clothes and a bicycle, helped good friends and deposited a fine lump sum in a bank for investment in gilt-edged securities.

Yes, the fruits of success are sweet indeed, but how did they suddenly come into the hands of this young factory worker? Because, like dozens of others before him, he reached up for them.

"There is an idea for a *Bullet* in everything you see and hear," he declared. "I advise people to look and listen with their minds open for thoughts which can be turned into prize-money."

We went on to chat about the effort which carried this winner to many small prizes to the top of the *Bullets* ladder—MIRAGE IN THE DESERT—OF THEIR LONELINESS—FONT.

"One night I could not sleep," he told me. "I was thinking over an idea which had been in my head for some time. Then I remembered MIRAGE IN THE DESERT as one of the current *Examples*, and—it was about 2.30 a.m., I believe—I got out of bed immediately and wrote down my completed *Bullet*.

"I've been trying to reach the top for just over five years, and on the way I've won scores of 'Targets' and other small awards, as well as one of £6 with Radiogram. And now—this!

"I feel proud of the results, but I also owe much to our little guide, *Bullets Bulletin*. Indeed, I cannot see how success can come to anyone who has not learnt from its pages.

"I look upon *Bullets Bulletin* as living 'something' that takes your hand and leads you safely past the pitfalls and on to the prizes."

* * *

Here was a needy family, indeed. But to-day there is no longer the fear of to-morrow in this factory worker's home. And five other Birmingham families, though still needy, are sharing in the success of Mr. Hollins. For they have been nominated by him to receive Radio from JOHN BULL in accordance with the terms of our 1,000th *Bullets* offer.

What Mr. Hollins has done, you can do—and your reward can be far greater than his. Though open for a week only, to-day's enormous offer of Christmas Cash and Feasts brings £1,000 for a *Bullet* within your reach!

SEVEN DAY SENSATION!

All records smashed again by JOHN BULL. Monster Seven-day "Bullets" Offer coming for Competition No. 1,009 includes £2,250 cash and unlimited Christmas Gifts.

First Prize, £1,000 cash, £54 12s. Radiogram and £25 Christmas Cheque Yearly until 1940.

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 1,004

First Prize, £700 and £12 12s. Pye Radio Set:
J. BIRD, 94, Wayman Street, Sunderland.
Example: ACROSS THE STREET
Bullet: I STROLLED, I'M TOLD!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 Plus Radio:
N. J. FISHLOCK, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
Example: Forgetting The Cost
Bullet: Then "Counting Ha'pennies," Motherhood.

THIRD PRIZE, £25 Plus Radio:
J. T POLLARD Shalstone, Stoke Road, Bletchley.
Example: With His Back To The Wall
Bullet: Hard "Putting Satan Behind."

£15 Plus Radio:
J. FARLEY, 32, Constitution Street, Dundee.
Home To Mother—Success Turned My *Feet*.

£10 Plus Radio:
P. V. ARCULUS, 139, Canterbury Grove, West Norwood, S.E.
Fame's Laurels — Public's "Garland" — Privacy's "Wreath."
(Entered on 'Target' Prize coupon.)

10 of £5 Plus Radio:
Mrs. P. ARNOLD, 53, Chapel Street, Sheerness.
Peaceful Man—Versus Misguided Brother—War!
T. H. FRYATT, 22, Belle Vue Street, Scarborough.
Reduced—When Name's "Soiled," Remember.
F. HANCOCKS, 42, Hartington Street, Chatham.
Not Fast Enough—Slowing Down "Mowing Down."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
V. HARWOOD, 57, High Street, Shaw, Oldham.
Fame's Laurels—"Bees" Don't "Rest On."
W. H. MOORE, 61, Shaftesbury Avenue, Southampton.
Sleepless Nights—Then Auntie Spoils Ballot-Paper!
B. POSTLEWHITE, 11, Cadeby Avenue, Conanby, Conisboro', Rotherham.
With His Back To The Wall—"What—Run? Rot!" Won!
E. J. PUTLAND, 9 Winders Road, Battersea, S.W.
Home To Mother—But "Bounces Back," W.fle.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)
G. RAINN'E, 73, Compton Avenue, East Ham, London, E.
Old Flag—Meaning "Steer Alongside," Handkerchief.
Mrs. STONEMAN, Woodcote, Chagford.
Down In The Cellar—Dad—Creditors "Exploding Overhead."
A. VARLEY, 46, Larch Road, New Ollerton, Notts.
I Hate—My Land Maligned.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 of £2 10s. Plus Radio:
— ANDERSON, 27, Low Craigends, Kilsyth.
What He Wanted—Abyssinia—*And* A War.
Mrs. E. BRADFORD 6, St. Michael's Lane, Alnwick, Northumberland.
Nobody Loves Her. So—That's That—Thanks Auntie!
P. COTTIER, 32, Belfast Road, Liverpool.
Climbing Down—Mussolini Would "Wow *World*."
C. H. EDWARDS, 107, Neath Road, Swansea.
Across The Street—Called "Mean." General Stretches.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
Mrs F. EVANS, 6, Ela Street, Antrim Road, Belfast.
Mad Dog—Kicked Aside—Safe Inside!
D. M. HILL, 13, East Road, Portway, West Bromwich.
All About Us—Nature's Marvels—And Bravery.
T. HUGHES, 190, Wallgate, Wigan.
Home To Mother—Wife's "Re-union." Ah, Hubby's.
H. G. LILLINGSTON, 2, Queuce Road, Dereham, Norfolk.
In Came The Villain And—Mother's "Heart Went Up."
Mrs. S. J. NELLIS, 10, Raglan Road, Morecambe.
When Dad's About—Warmed Up.
"Shivers."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
F. SHERRATT Leasow's Cottage Lodge, Uttoxeter.
Forgetting The Cost—Italy—Can't Pay Anyhow!

Each of the above winners will also receive a 3-in-1 Surprise Award.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED

NOTICE.—Will Mr. C. C. Marshall, who entered from a Shepherd's Bush address for Competition No. 1,002, communicate his present address immediately to Competition Editor, quoting all efforts entered? Prize awaits him.

SENSATIONAL NEW OFFER OF DOUBLED 'BULLETS' FIRST and INCREASED BATCH OF 1,000 XMAS FEASTS

£500
...plus
£500
EXTRA BONUS
provided that winner has enclosed with entry the "Bulletin" Coupon on this page, duly stamped to provide friend with free supply, or himself, if he is not already registered.
ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN YOUR 'BULLETS' £1,000
1007
OTHER BIG CHEQUES...
£50 £25 £20 £18
£16 £14 £12 £10
£9 £8 £7 £6
10 at £5
2,000 "Red Seals"
8,000 "Target" Prizes
BONUSES
200 PLUMP 'BULLETS' TURKEYS
800 BIG 12/6 XMAS CAKES from 'Buzzard's'
REMEMBER
all senders of Bonus Certificate in Birthday Contest No. 1005 are qualified to receive £1 cash with any one of the 1,000 Xmas Prizes offered this week in accordance with conditions announced.

MONSTER "BULLETS" BONUS OFFER WITH 1,000 XMAS PRIZES!

A FORTUNE of £500 is alone an enormous reward for the few simple words that go to make a prize *Bullet*. But consider this—simply by helping a friend at a cost of only two 1½d. stamps, the prize you can win to-day goes soaring from £500 to £1,000 cash!

Your £500 Bonus Coupon appears below, and if you are not already registered to receive a regular supply of *Bullets Bulletin*, you can nominate yourself as a new reader of JOHN BULL'S free guide to success and so become eligible for a £500 Bonus with that £500 First. Remember this one point—no extension of an *existing* reservation will qualify sender for the extra £500.

Supporting this week's enormous Fortune-plus-Bonus First Prize is an increased array of Christmas feasts to bring joy on December 25 to the homes of 1,000 competitors. No fewer than 200 plump Turkeys and 800 luscious Christmas Cakes from Buzzards are awaiting winners.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, take any of this week's *Examples*, jot down the various ideas it brings to your mind and then improve one of your jottings into a neat phrase of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up neatly with the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, the *Example* FLIGHT OF TIME had prompted the rough idea *Forgotten When You're In Love*. Keeping to the metaphor of the *Example*, you could, without difficulty, improve this to the finished *Bullet*, FLIGHT OF TIME—UNNOTICED—CUPID'S "LENDING WINGS."

Before starting on your own efforts, study the neat phrasing of the winning *Bullets* on the previous page. Notice how each of these efforts fits its *Example* closely and expresses its meaning in clear and striking manner.

Then begin on your own efforts, remembering that your entry must reach Long Acre by Saturday, November 23.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

FOR CHRISTMAS
GRANDMA BRITANNIA
RESULT OF THE ELECTION
JURY OF NATIONS
IN GENEVA
FOREIGNERS THINK
NEW MEMBER
TIME TO STRIKE
WHEN DAD TRIED CONJURING
CRY IN THE NIGHT
MODERN MARRIAGE
CRUSHING DEFEAT
ON THE MARCH
GAME FOR TWO
PARTY FEELING
MUD
KEEPING OUT
COMFORTS HER
"SHAME!"
LIT THE FIRE
MORE ARMAMENTS
UPSET THE BRICKLAYER
TAXPAYER'S HOUSE
WARMED HER HEART
OFFICE OPTIMIST
DRIFTING
TO CLEAR UP THE MESS
FLIGHT OF TIME
FROM NOWHERE
HIS BLACK EYE
LIKE NEW
NO WOMAN
BARRED
OLD AND FEEBLE
STRONG DEFENCE
WAR TO THE KNIFE

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,003 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. E. Poole, 22, Silver Street, Birmingham.

ENTRY FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

—CUT ALONG THIS LINE—

£500 BONUS COUPON

I have affixed two 1½d. stamps below, signed this coupon and added name and address of friend for "Bulletin" supply. Please register me for £500 BONUS offered in "Bullets" No. 1007 for which I enclose my entry

YOUR NAME & ADDRESS _____

Affix 1½d Stamp Here

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

YOUR FRIEND'S Name and Address to be given below if you are not already receiving "Bulletin" yourself, place your own name and address here

_____

_____

_____

—CUT ALONG THIS LINE—

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,007) Closing SAT., Nov. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,007) Closing SAT., Nov. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,007) Closing SAT., Nov. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

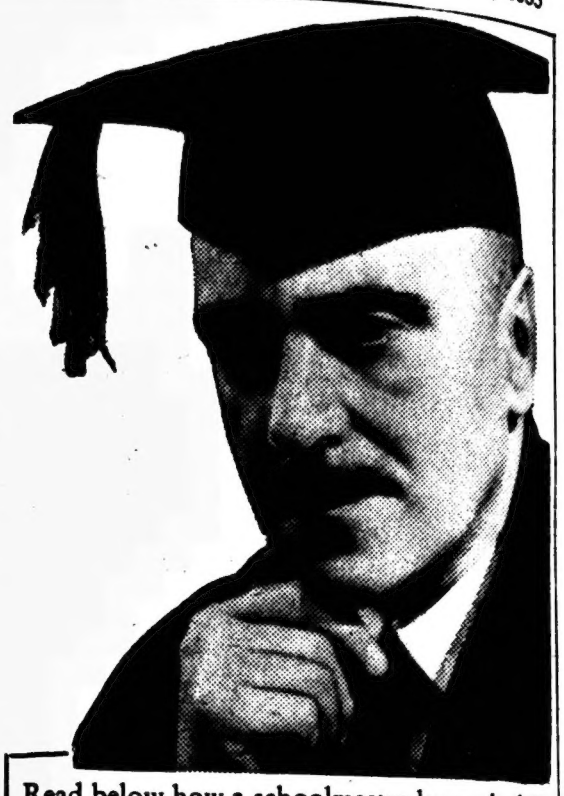
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,007) Closing SAT., Nov. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,007) Closing SAT., Nov. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £3 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,007 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,007, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

My Wife's Case was Almost Hopeless



Read below how a schoolmaster learned of the wonder-working powers of Yeast-Vite—how it restored his wife to health when her case seemed almost hopeless.

TAKEN ILL—SEVERE HEAD PAINS—NOTHING GAVE RELIEF

At Last in Sheer Desperation We Tried

"YEAST-VITE"

Now on the Road to Complete Recovery!

"My wife's case was almost hopeless." Six words—but what a heart-rending picture they conjure up ... the suffering wife ... so ill ... so absolutely racked with terrible head pains and vomiting that her life must have seemed a very purgatory of pain.

And the distracted husband . . . daily—**hourly**—having to watch his wife suffer . . . powerless to help . . . finding that nothing he gave her would do her any good . . . knowing in his heart that her case was "almost hopeless."

YEAST-VITE TRIUMPHS.

At last, to use his own words, he turned "in sheer desperation" to "Yeast-Vite"—called upon the aid of the World's Wonder Tonic to help him when all else had failed.

AND YEAST-VITE TRIUMPHED! Daily his despair turned to joy . . . his spirits rose as he watched his wife climb step by step to freedom . . . become her old self again . . . completely restored to health!

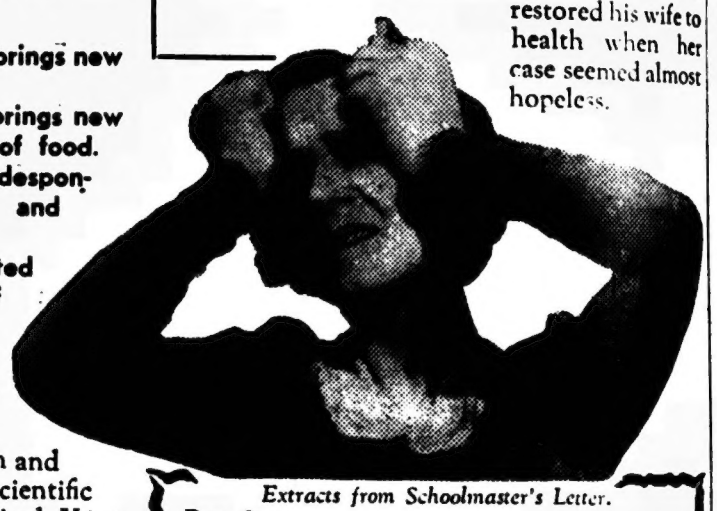
No wonder this grateful husband writes to thank "Yeast-Vite" for the wonders it performed! To-day we publish his letter and urge every suffering person to read it and ACT UPON IT.

Not only to those in PAIN does Yeast-Vite bring its unequalled blessings.

—To the Weak and Weary it brings new strength and energy.
—To the Stomach sufferer it brings new appetite, new enjoyment of food.
—To the Nerve Racked and despondent it brings new life and confidence.
—To the Sleepless and Exhausted it opens up a new vista of happiness.

For Yeast-Vite is Life. Yeast-Vite is the Wonder Tonic of the Age.

It is so successful because each and every tablet is an accurate scientific combination of pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiae), Vitamins (especially Vitamin B), and other valuable tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists.



Extracts from Schoolmaster's Letter.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must let you know how my wife has benefited from your Yeast-Vite Tablets. A short time ago she was taken ill and complained of severe head pains. Soon these became so serious that the Doctor feared meningitis. Nothing she took gave her any relief—indeed everything made her vomit. At last in sheer desperation we tried your Tablets. She has now regained much strength and is on the road to complete recovery.

I do not exaggerate when I say that her case was almost hopeless, so you can think how glad I am.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. E.

P.S.—I am a school teacher and I should be pleased to distribute for you some samples of your Tablets among the children's parents.

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS -	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES -	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE -	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION -	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES" -	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION -	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION -	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM -	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION -	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

NO CURE NO PAY!

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD and Fair Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public.

Simply obtain a 1'3 bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded in full.

Yeast-Vite Brand

Quick Tonic Tablets. Sold Everywhere. Price 3d., 6d., 1'3, 3'- and 5'-

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